

DISCORDER

A GIRL'S OATH

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to do my BEST

to do my DUTY
TO MYSELF & my SISTERS,
to obey MY INSTINCT TO
SURVIVE,

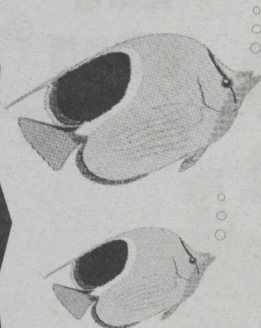
to help other ♀
whenever I can,
to keep myself

physically STRONG,
mentally AWAKE
& morally QUEER.

THE
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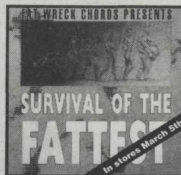
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dis-cover

In celebration of International Women's Day, (March 8th) DISCORDER has put together the closest thing to a theme issue this chaotically mismanaged magazine has seen in many a moon. Eschewing the too-common 'Women in Rock' ghettoization trap, we decided to let our contributors decide what they wanted to see in this issue. The result: Interviews with a small but diverse selection of women, musings on the straight world's obsession with queer sexuality and the representation of women in Hollywood, reviews of the latest & greatest wommin-written zines, a guide to girl-friendly record labels, and, last but not far from least, this month's striking cover image by local artist June Pang (oh, as for the Rattled Roosters and the Pastels, the first appears as a testament to the powers of female persuasion (can Leza be stopped?) while the second appears as a testament to bad luck - two women in the band and only the boy bothers to show up). Happy International Women's Day (don't forget to tune into CTR 101.9FM for a full day of women's programming!)

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LOCAL DIRT

Economic activity is usually a sign of life, and that being the case, the local music scene is showing lots of vibrancy these days. The last two months have had quite a few significant business happenings. First, it was announced that the Commodore was for sale, and then Mushroom Studios did the same. Now, the **Gastown Music Hall** has been sold. The most substantial change is that Noiseprom Productions have taken over its bookings and promotions. According to their press release, entertainment at the Hall will range "from the cutting edge of alternative to the velveteen sounds of lounge." Local bands are encouraged to send them videos to play on a big screen in between sets... **Scratch Records** is relocating their "world headquarters" to 109 West Cordova Street... **Zumpano** have just been to Chicago recording their second full length for Sub Pop with Keith Clewley (Flaming Lips, Hum, Mercury Rev). It should be out in the second half of 1996. Zumpano will also have a 7-inch released on Murderrecords, probably in April... **Mint Records** will be releasing a **Meow** full-length in late spring. Meow, you may remember, was the surprise winner of CTR's Shindig in 1994. That other Mint trio, **culb**, is presently recording their new CD with Mass Giorgini (he produced the Smugglers' latest Mint/ Lookout! cow-release, *Selling the Sizzle*)... Local electronic duo **Off and Gone** (aka Phil Western and Dan Handrobr) have signed to Harthouse

Records... **Coal** made some recordings as a duo of late, but they are in fact still a four-piece group... **The Electrosonics** will soon have a 10-inch record as a co-release on two labels, Quiddity Records from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Drive-In Records from Australia.

NEW RELEASES: First, lots of **Blaize Pascal** - they have a few 7" ready to be released, the first to be out soon on Montreal's Derivative label. • **The Muscle Bitches** are about to go on a third tour to California and will shortly be releasing *Demom Boy Takes a Bride*. • **Fir St.** Studios has released their third compilation CD, this one including **Technicians of the Sacred**, **Aimless James** and 1995 Shindig finalists, **Pipedream**. • **Strain** has a new 7" record, *Remorse* on Germany's Heart First label. • **Heavy Mellow's** new CD is called *The Battle Within*. • **Mark Brodie and the Beaver Patrol's** new CD, *The Shores of Hell* has been released by Shredder. • Those other local Shredders, the **McCrackins**, have yet another release, the *In On the Yolk* CD. • **Looney Swin** is a new compilation of Kelowna bands,



cowshed chronicles

weak (wek) a.d.j.1 lacking physical strength; feeble 2 lacking moral strength or willpower 3 lacking mental power 4 lacking power, authority, force, etc. 5 easily torn, broken etc. 6 lacking intensity, etc. / a weak voice / 7 diluted / weak tea / 8 unconvincing / a weak argument

weak. i am. have been. will be again. i have weakness that i know and for some reason or another; hell maybe just because i can't give a shit, can't control. and while the definition of weak has eight parts examples one, three, five, six, seven and eight really don't apply to my every day life. two and four however, cause me great concern. but as a point of concern and clarification the moral strength part of two does not apply it's the willpower part that's got a kung fu grip on me. and four well, let's just say i'm a guy who finds it hard to say no... to anything. but more than my lack of willpower is the next definition the dictionary holds; weak'en vt to make or become weak. shit, the more i'm hounded the weaker i become. just ask me enough times and hell, i'm yours. maybe it's guilt hedging itself in. guilt (gilt) n.1 the state of having done something wrong or committed an offense 2 a feeling of self-reproach from believing that one has done a wrong yep, that's me. i'm not even catholic. i've had pre-marital sex and have even used several different types of birth control...and self love!...don't get me started. the second down from weak is the one that really nails the tail on the donkey; weak-kneed (-ned) a.d.j. lacking in courage, determination, resistance etc. i can be taken in so easily by the powers of a beautiful woman that it's almost embarrassing. and as much as i hate admitting it damn it officer i'd kill for that dame. tall, short, fat, skinny, i love 'em all. i've said it before but i'll say it again - i'm weakened by them. i seemingly maintain all composure in front of them but as at least one or more of my co-workers will attest to i have been brought to my proverbial knees by many a woman. but i will say here and now that i am trying to change my ways. i want a woman who i can treat as never before. one that i don't mind missing a red wings game for a woman i can put on a pedestal and bake cakes for a woman to take my mind off of all other women. a woman who makes me feel like a million bucks. the last woman i'll ever kiss in a sexual way. the last. ever. i mean it. really. marry her? maybe. could i guess...if she wanted to. sure. i'd get married. there i said it. my weakness will be strengthened by another. alright so that's it. i'll let ya know how it's going. until next month, may the good love be yours. but don't forget your party hat.

gth

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Meet Mel Nubbert, owner of Scratch. In the interest of not just better serving you our cherished customers but providing all Scratch Kickdogs with a more spacious and comfortable place to work, Mel has moved Scratch a half block east to our new 2 floor digs at 109 West Cordova Street. C'mon by!

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featuring the likes of **The Goodtime Clubsters**, **Alpha B&X**, and **the Grays**. It was financed with money raised at local all-gays shows. • **Dead Voices on Air** have a new CD called *Shop*. • **The Deadcats** have their first CD out, *Bucket of Love*. • **The Insipids** will have a release out in March or April called *Shopper, Not a Hanger*. • **Deatryer** will be releasing a CD, *We'll Build Them a Golden Bridge*—the release performance will be at the Sugar Refinery (1115 Granville, west alley entrance, 683-2004) on Saturday March 23—the opening act will be Old Man Wood.

DEMO REVIEWS

Boy, did I blow it this time. Actually, it was in last month's column. Seems I reported that local country lounge act **Coal** are now a duo. What the hell was I thinking? They're a quartet. A foursome. A tetrad. Now I gotta wash the egg off my face. I may never get over this. My first gaffe!

6969 are a duo, although with a name like that they could possibly be a foursome. Industrial rock with a metallic edge, overlaid with softly fuzzed vocals. Fans of Malivava and Econoline Crush will dig this. Sabbath guitar crunch and collide while sultry groans entice and seduce the listener into a state of robotic, destructive rage. Nice touch with the nearly-naked derrière, except for bondage accoutrements, on the front cover, staring at you over top a printed circuit background. Now that I'm in love, what the hell am I gonna do?

No fetishes to be found on the new cassette by **Idiot Savant?**, the band that won't die. By that I mean they've been around a number of years. Their earlier material, from the mid- to late '80s, always seemed listenable but without the spark that ostensibly would ignite and put on a great fireworks show for everybody. The years of experience have definitely benefitted the band, since their new three-song demo contains some powerful work. No quirks, no gimmicks, no free goodies (wait a sec), just plain old well-written and played pop-rock with a semi-serious tone. "Window" has some great guitar

riffin', and, like the other two tracks, lets you know when it's chorus time by a shift into high gear. The mediocrity is gone, replaced by the sort of intensity that gives unspoken justification to a long career. Just goes to show that years of hard work can bring out the latent talent (interesting pair of words, eh?) in a band.

Smooth, luxurious sounds emanate from your speakers when **International Scout** take over your system. Vocalist Heather Griffin has quite the voice, opulent with its rich tone and gushing emotion. The four songs on their self-titled demo, all written by guitarist Robin Brooks, echo the smoky sweetness of *Everything But The Girl*, *Cowboy Junkies*, and *10,000 Mericans*. Even though the first two cuts, "Wonderwoman" and "Special Kind", already have you convinced this band has latched on to something special, the last two, "Apostles of the Chosen Few" and "Stars in their Eyes", are such a one-two punch of melody and neo-folk charm that a message comes through loud and clear: use oxygen-enriched fuels for better engine performance. You have to know how to read between the lines, folks.

Other adherents of smoothness in their noise are **Juniper Daily**, a quartet with their debut three-song demo out on the logging rock. Theirs is a different kind of smoothness, however: softly distorted guitars splashing between your speakers, suggesting these guys lean more towards the *My Bloody Valentine* school of pop. The operative word here is epic, each song sounding really big and almost holy in execution. Slow tempos induce a kind of sway as opposed to actual dancing, while the vocals in their range remain mired in the heavy, heavy mix, never soaring above but rather dragging the listener through the melodic maelstrom. Lyrics are not chipper; lines like "Though you cry enough/You don't shed a tear", from "Never Cry Wolf", make one cast the occasional glance over the shoulder (left or right, I don't know) for the glooming spectre of Morrissey, although at this juncture the reader is reminded that Mozzier is not dead,

even though he often sounds like he either is or wishes it so. Anyway, let's not digress, since *Juniper Daily* are only mildly Smithy. I guess I really don't know what the hell to say about them, except that I like it, and that you should, too. If you're into that sort of thing, I'm not explaining myself very clearly, am I?

But who's having fun these days? Sure, I like pretty tunes, thoughtful lyrics, and lazy underwear as much as the next guy, but let's just kick out the fucking jams, sonny. Look no further for your fun and games than **Lozengs**, a double-bass'n' fuzz combo comprised of a few ex-Soreheads and a former Belgonique. When they cover Dero's "Uncontrollable Lips" you know you're not getting an auditory application for Noom Chomsky's backing band. How about "She Loves to Jump" for sock-hop sentimentality, back when XTC was a band and moshing was something you did to your pottoes? "Sore throats for all on stage and cool, fast relief for the audience" sez the bio. Watch for upcoming side project, Nösal Sprö.

Now that I've gotten the hang of these funny letters, I might as well talk about the live-singer by

Traff, they of the unlout scene so big these days. I like Traff! On first listen, you kinda go, ew, more grunge. But really, these guys are exactly between punk and rock, without really being hardcore per se. It could be called *runk*. Or *rock*. Labels aside, what they do is serve up snappy, catchy tunes with a power chord backwall and angry, fuck-fucking-society type lyrics. All with a shiny little bow. Tunes like "Short Attention Span" could do well on both modern-rock triple-A formats and cock-rock sub-boules, without offending indie-rock elitists like myself too much. The point is each of the five tunes is so much, and when a tape comes in with a New Westminster address that's half the battle right there.

Okay, I made it. A whole column with, hopefully, no factual errors. It doesn't matter because I ain't publishing no more errors, even when I'm so dead wrong the pope writes in to complain. It's just too damn hard on my ego. In fact, from now on, I insist that if any deviations from the currently accepted reality are found, the bands must change themselves in order to conform to the information presented in the column. Saves on ink.

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Recently, I had the pleasure of interviewing a band quite often dubbed as 'the best dressed band' in Vancouver: The Rattled Roosters. With the release of their second album, *Young and Modern*, and relocation to Hollywood, CA, things are looking up for these charming, cleverly deceiving, but still sincere locals.

The Rattled Roosters lineup:
 Ed 'Cool As Hell' Maxwell - bass, vocals
 'Crash' Gordon - drums



DISORDER: Because this is the beginning of an interview, I need to know who you are.

Crash: What, you don't know who we are? Well, of course I do, but **DISORDER** readers need to know who you are, as musicians, your astrological signs, maybe your favourite colour...

Rick: I'm Rick Royale, I am a Leo-Virgo cusp, and my favourite colour - I don't know, purple maybe. I don't think we should talk about colour, that's very racist.

Ed: What the hell was that?
 Rick: I don't really think that there is one colour that is better than another colour; it's politically incorrect in this world, so I take that back. All colours are equal.

Ed: Rick's lost his mind. I'm Ed 'Cool As Hell' Maxwell, I'm a Cancer. I like quiet nights and walks along the beach (laughs). I also like hiking, and snow-bleeding, and sex on the first date.

Joel: That was Ed, and this is me; I'm Joel Darlen, I'm a Taurus, I have blond hair and blue eyes, and, by the Chinese horoscope, I'm the only Rooster in this band - oh wait, I take that back because it dates me. My favourite colour is kind of that thing between pink and orange, or black, or red, or black. I like rock and roll, I despise all outdoor activities, and I like quiet romantic evenings for three.

Crash: My name is Crash, and I'm an Aries/Rat - wait a minute, you don't need to know that either. I like Rice Crispie squares and Coca Cola, radio interviews and radio interviews, and I love GTR...

Why the big move to L.A.?

Crash: Isn't that an old story?

Joel: That's just a rumour.
 Ed: We moved there to become rich rock 'n' roll stars and to get a star on Hollywood Boulevard.

And how is it going?

Crash: Very, very well. We've already got our name on Hollywood Boulevard - right over Fleetwood Mac (laughs). They don't need it any more.

Joel: But I think it has rained since then, so it is probably gone.

I heard that you had a treacherous time getting up here.

Joel: It was nothing for a bunch of rugged mountaineers like us.

Ed: The only thing that scared me was the fish swimming in front of the van.

Joel: Ed is afraid of fish.
 Crash: It was the Rattled Roosters and the Temple of Doom.

What happened?

Rick: Well, the y-5 was closed in three places (because of recent flooding).

Joel: We had to go down other closed highways instead, ones that weren't so well patrolled by police.

Ed: Imagine all the Dukes of Hazzard car chases around bends, through closed roads, all in a four hour journey, complete with mud slides, fish...
 Crash: ...and lakes.

Joel: ...and poisoned dart - the Washington natives were chasing us with spears.

Crash: He didn't say 'spear', he said 'spheres'.

Joel: Well, kind of hemisphere; those orb-shaped Starbuck commuter mugs. We had to run straight up into the stratosphere.

Crash: Ed has Go Go Gadget legs, so it is a lot easier.

What are your plans after your CD release in Vancouver?

Rick: We are going to be in Victoria, then back down to California, then to Toronto and eastern Canada; back to California, and then across Canada, hopefully, in April.

Crash: That is actually central Canada.

Rick: Ya, I guess so, we're not going to the Maritimes.

Joel: Not that we don't like the Maritimes, but Ed is scared of fish.

Ed: I love the Maritimes, but they talk funny.

If you were stranded, alone, on a desert island, the only thing on it being a stereo, and you could bring two records, what would they be?

Joel: Two CDs? That's really tough. I'd have to bring some Elvis; I'd have to toss a coin between Presley and Costello...

Crash: My choice would be The Star Wars Canteens double album.

Rick: Tropical island? Something like -

Ed: Mine would be Leonard Nemo Singe; I wouldn't need another album. Leonard Nemo is king; people say Elvis is king, well, they lie.

Rick: I'm trying to get into this tropical thing. I'd have to have some Beach Boys, and I'd want something a little more - drinks with umbrellas in them kind of music, maybe Frank Sinatra. Can I get a box set?

Both box sets of Frank Sinatra and the Beach Boys.

Joel: Are there girls on the island? I would probably bring some compilation of Bing Crosby, some '30s records, just in case some girl gets shipwrecked - you have to have something to woo the babes with. That would take up one thing, so I would have to flip a coin between Elvis Presley, Elvis Costello, or the Dickies. Or, I don't know, Dean Martin.

Crash? How about you? What other album?

Crash: I already said The Star Wars Canteens, and the other album would be something with lots of Beta Lupul...

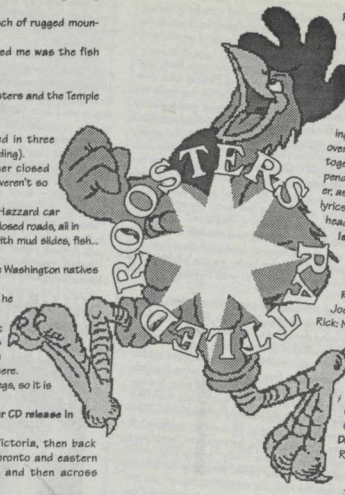
Joel: He was never in a band.

Crash: Okay, maybe Sing, Sing, Sing, that would be a good one. It wouldn't really matter what I would bring because I would be disappointed that I didn't bring something else.

Do you consider these albums to be major influences on the Rattled Roosters music?

Crash: We take influences from everything around us, good and sometimes bad.

Joel: We're influenced by music that sucks, because then we don't play that... (laughs)



Rick: We absorb everything we hear and regurgitate it somehow.
 Crash: We barf it back up in our music.
 Rick: We're the Vego-Matic of rock and roll; the Regurgitrons.

If you were to describe the Rattled Roosters music to someone who has never succumbed to the pleasures of the rhythmic beat, how would you describe it?

Joel: Imagine, if you will, all the gestures that I am making as you're reading this; you take in one hand, rock, and over here, in the other hand, you have roll, and you put them together and get rock 'n' roll, so to speak. Imagine that, sucker, as one. Pounding, driving rhythms, pop sensibilities, colourful lyrics - all creating that quirky, shivery feeling from your head to your toes.

Is there anything you wanted to add to that?

Crash: We look good.
 What? Do you do in L.A.?

Joel: We're all dishwashers in the same Denny's.

Rick: Hey, I just got a promotion - I'm bus boy.

Joel: Ed's looking good to be a line cook soon.

Rick: No, I guess we rock. That's all we could really do down there.

Ed: We go hang out every night at the cool spots, where the cool bands are playing.

Rick: We live a very Warholian lifestyle; we go to places that are happening. Just by the nature of us being there, they become happening places.

Crash: But we're very humble.

Do you have regular shows there?

Rick: These past few months we've been doing a lot of regular shows at smaller Hollywood places, just to establish a regular crowd. For the last year we've been playing the more taste of the

minute places, which are all fine, and a great time, but we felt it was important, now that we live there, to attract a crowd of people that were there to see the Rattled Roosters.

How long do you think you'll be in L.A. for?

Rick: As long as we feel necessary.

Joel: Or as long as our agent doesn't run out.

What does the future hold for the Rattled Roosters?

Rick: We're going to dig up the Fleetwood Mac star, and put our own actual star right there in front of Frederick's of Hollywood.

Crash: But no one is going to notice.

Rick: Seriously, we've been working on a lot of new material. Joel: I've been working with a lot of new material, velvet and cashmere...

Crash: We're planning world domination by playing rockabilly going to do Deadhead cover songs.

Joel: Ed is studying video of Scooter playing 'bucket' so he can master the instrument himself.

Crash: You can't use any of this. We went to Hollywood to dig up a star and put down one of our own, and dammit, that's what we're going to do!

Rick: Now that's a quote!

What's the key to fame?

Rick: The key to fame is tabloid press. Just go kick a celebrity in the head, get on the cover of The Enquirer, then you're famous!

Crash: The key to fame is popularity.

Crash: Playing good rock and roll music helps, too.

Do you have any last words to all of the readers out there?

Rick: Our motto will sum it up just fine. Look Sharp, Rock Hard, and Pose Always.

Interview by Susan Mattson
 Photos by Phil Clarke

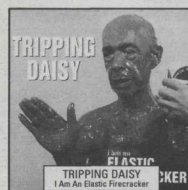
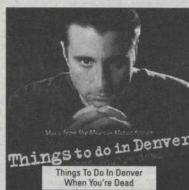
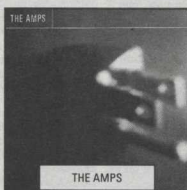
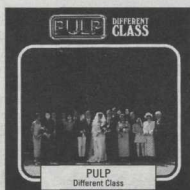
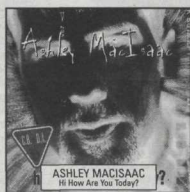
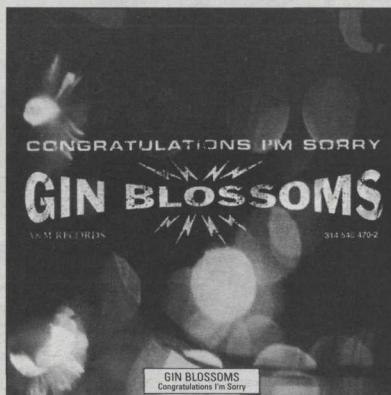




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The Pastels are a Scottish indie band who've been playing together for longer than you've been watching MTV. They play beautiful, intricate-but-simple, melody-laden lullabies that make you want to stay awake all night trying to figure out how they sing so wonderfully slow and flat, but in tune at the same time. You want the Pastels to be your friends. And they make it seem almost a possibility. On a Friday afternoon in Vancouver, DISORDER talked to Stephen Pastel, who called from a friend's house on a rainy Glasgow evening. Once it was established that Stephen was "perfectly fine", and that the interview was just going to be with "the one Pastel", we began. We spent the next half-hour chatting about eating haggis, being "grown up" (or not), and the concept of how and what it is to be popular.

DISORDER: Have you ever been to Canada?

Stephen: Yes, twice. In 1991, we played the International Pop Underground Convention in Olympia, in the state of Washington, and then we travelled up and played shows in Vancouver and in Calgary. Then last year we played a show in Toronto and in Ottawa - that was supporting Yo La Tengo.

What was it like touring with Yo La Tengo?
It was great. They're really considerate people and I think their music is completely fantastic. Every show they put on is really unlike the previous one. They have a lot of beautiful songs and they're really dignified people.

How are you involved with the music scene in your hometown? I heard you work in a record store.

I don't typically promote shows, that's really rare. But if it's something that needs to be done and if no one else is interested in it, then I will do it. I'm a librarian, but I've gotten work in a bookstore and it does have a record department.



What do the other Pastel members do?
Aggi is an illustrator and Katrina will be going to university in a few months. And Aggi did the painting for the *Mobile Safari* cover?

Yeah, she does a lot of our artwork. We usually have a vision between us, and we work towards that. Aggi and Katrina and myself are very tuned in with each other. It's quite uneasy, but we usually move in the same way at the same time.

I think that your song title "Exploration Team" actually describes you, the Pastels, in that you push the boundaries of pop music - how do you feel about that?

We do like to feel that we have a unique approach to what we do. We certainly have a certain sense of striving in what we do and we liken it to people going up into the Arctic Circle.

"Coolport" - I couldn't tell if it's a song of whimsical optimism or if it's a bitter take on the corporate music scene.

It's probably a bit of both. It's quite melancholic. There's a place in Scotland called Culport and I used to go there with my father when I was younger and swim. In that song I was just really remembering the innocence

and how pleasant it was to go there. So I was thinking it would be great if there really was a "Coolport", a kind of utopia. But it was also railing against corporate music, because I find that very. I'm not sure what the word would be - the opposite of utopia...

I think it's interesting, because UK bands that are huge in the UK, such as Blur, when they come to Canada, they play small venues: I don't think we get the feeling of what your "mainstream" bands are, "cause here they're often thought of as an "alternative" band.

Yeah, I find that a lot of North American "alternative" bands are equally kind of vacuous. I just feel that there are so many bands that are all style and no content - they really have no message. We're really opposed to those bands.

Do you want to name any names?

(laughs) Well... no, I won't. We feel an affinity with the bands we like. We feel a solidarity with bands like Stereolab and Pavement and Beat Happening. A lot of the bands that get played on MTV where the records come out on major labels, but they kind of try to pretend that they're "indie" records when they're not. That's the sort of band that we're against.

people know about them. They have a record out called *In the Space of a Few Minutes*. They're David Keenan, who used to be in 18 Wheeler, and Brendan who was a Teenage Fanclub drummer, and a couple of other people, but it's nothing like those bands. I think it's a very unique and special record. **I'm making a strictly name connection, but have you ever played with other bands like Crayon, or the Red Krayola?**
Crayon played at the International Pop Underground, and they gave us a lift up to their town, Bellingham. And Red Krayola is a band that I really love. I especially love their album *Parable of Arable Land*. Mayo Thompson of the band once produced my friend's band, the Shop Assistants. So we have tenuous links with both bands. **That's interesting. How do you feel the Pastels have changed since your beginning, back in 1982?**

McRobbie. I think when we started I thought it would be more anonymous, but it didn't really work out like that. I might just start being Stephen McRobbie again - it seems more grown up.

Do you feel grown up?

Yes, I feel I'm getting there. Well, in some respects, I feel kind of balanced, in that precipice between adulthood and childhood. In some ways I feel quite adult in things that I do and in other ways I can tell I'm not really a typical adult, so that makes me think I'm more of a childlike.

Will you ever be completely grown up, though?

I'd like to think not, really. I think it's important to function in the adult world, and if you just retreat then that's not too healthy. I'd rather challenge the adult world and try to change things, but to do that you have to take things on in adult terms. In terms of the

way we conduct our business. In another aspect of our lives, we try to do things in a way that can maybe improve the quality of life. Not to sound too much like a politician, but...

What do you see in the future of the Pastels?

We're gonna make a record this year. I feel that every record we make is an improvement. I feel really optimistic about this record and I'm excited about the ideas we've come up with. I am pleased with *Mobile Safari*, but I'd like to make a more extroverted record so that we could become more popular. That would be a good idea for us.

What does "popular" mean?
Instead of selling 20,000 records, with this next one, we'd like to sell 40,000. So that probably means improving our production values, I'm not really sure. I don't know why it happens, but we're gonna try.

Will that change your approach to song-writing?

No, I don't think so. I think in the studio maybe in a couple songs we'll try for a slightly sharper approach, but there's lots of songs that sound really radical. A good example is the Beck song, "Loser", that was a really big hit a couple of years ago. I think that was really radical sounding, but also really sharp.

At this point, I realized that more than 25 minutes had passed, and I apologized to Stephen for having taken up so much of his long-distance time. We thanked each other and said goodbye, and I spent the rest of the day telling anyone I ran into how funny it was that the Pastels prefer primary colours... Look for the Pastels' many yummy releases, the most recent being *Mobile Safari*, on Up Records in the US and Domino in the UK.

Other stuff:

Pastels LP
Sitting Pretty LP (Homestead)
"Different Drum" b/w "Empty House" (K)
Pastels with Jad Fair ep (Paperhouse)
Thank You ep (Paperhouse)
Up For A Bit with the Pastels LP (Paperhouse)
Truckload of Trouble compilation of '86-'93 (Seed)
Worls of Possibility ep (Domino)
Yoga ep (Matador)

Are you familiar with that song by Tullycraft, called "Pop Songs Your New Boyfriend's Too Stupid To Know About"?
No.

It's sort of a who's who of indie pop. The Pastels are mentioned in the lines "But if you want the Pastels, baby / Here's what you should do: / Get on your bike and take a hike / and meet me at our spot / Just you and me and the Halo Benders / hey that's pretty hot."

That's great, that's really nice. Seems like good company.

You were talking about a message before - would you be able to sum up the Pastels' message in a line?

We think that we're kind of purist rock and roll. That's our selling point.

Is there such a thing as vegetarian haggis?
Oh, there certainly is. It's a tradition with the Pastels that we have vegetarian haggis on Burns' night, with potatoes and turnip, and whiskey.

What is the best Scottish band that folks in Canada probably don't know about?
Oh, that's tricky. Um, I think the Teistar Ponies are really good. I don't know if a lot of

When we started the band it was very accidental, and obviously we were pretty young. We were unformed, and the band was a hobby at that point. Then I think since Katrina joined the band in 1991, we've become a lot more intense and serious and we're much more tuned in with each other. I much prefer the music that we make now.

What is your favourite pastel colour?
Oh, I don't know. I probably like primary colours better. I don't really have a favourite colour, for me, it's the combinations of colours that really work.

So how did the name come about?
I'm not exactly sure. I think I wrote down a list of names, and we just kind of went for them. It had an innocence, it sounded like 1950's swing music, when people were less jaded. It had a quality that we were looking for. It was very optimistic sounding.

Listening to *Mobile Safari*, the mood overall seems very melancholy. Would you consider yourselves optimistic or pessimistic?

I think we're fairly honest in our outlook, and it rains a lot in Glasgow. I think we're fairly optimistic, but we're confrontational also. We try to be uplifting, but for me a lot of uplifting music is pretty depressing, to think of Joy Division and Galaxie 500 and stuff I really like. We're not happy happy, but we're moderately happy.

Why do you go by Stephen Pastel?
I'm not really sure why. My family name is

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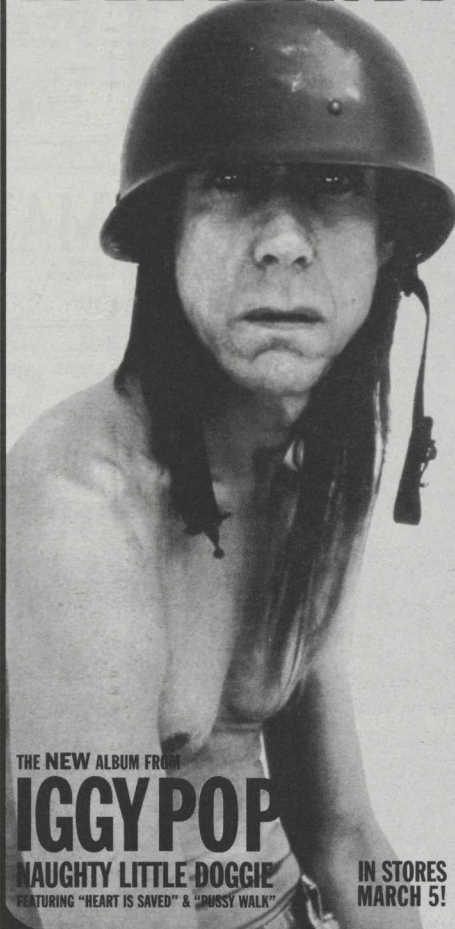


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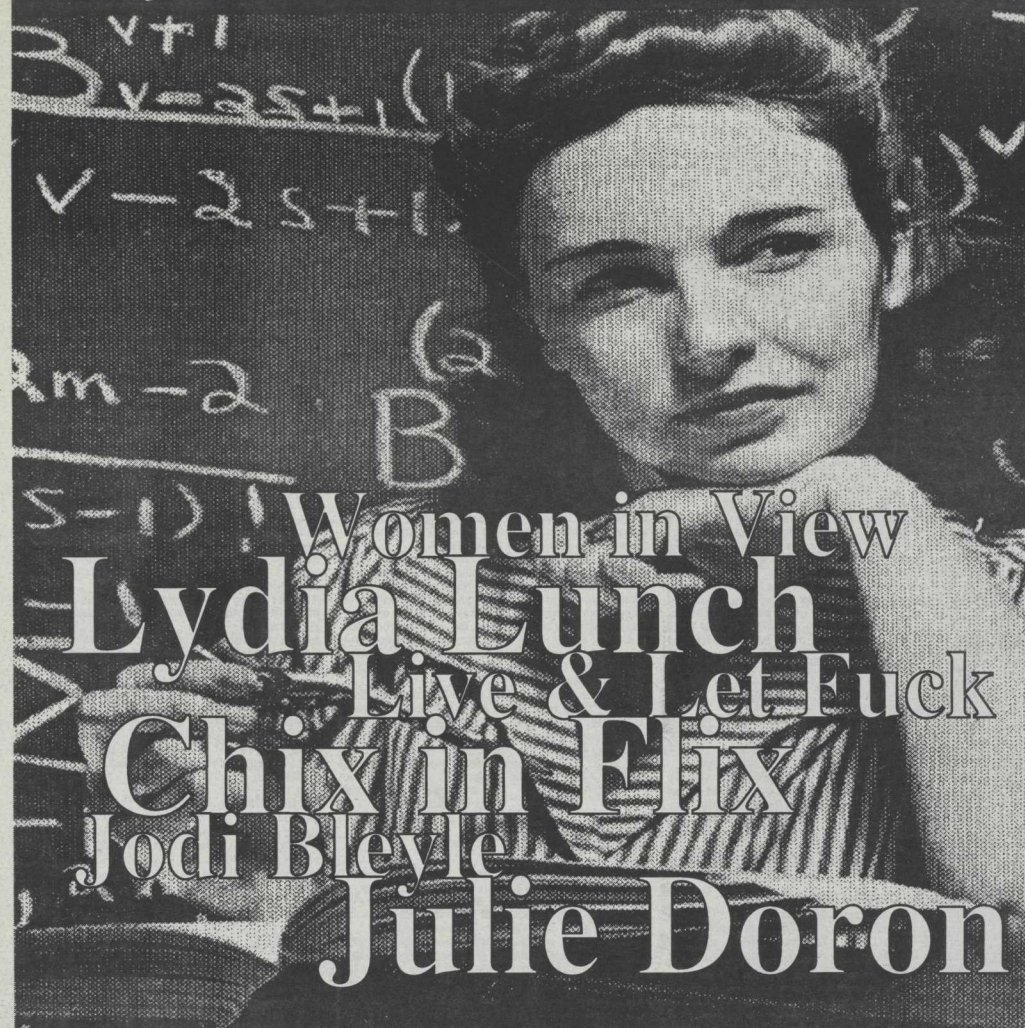
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If you can BAKE A CAKE



Women in View

Lydia Lunch

Live & Let Fuck

Chix in Flix

Jodi Bleye

Julie Doron

you can MAKE A BOMB

Inspired by the array of creative works being presented by January's Women in View Festival of Performing Arts, I decided to escape from school for a week and devote some energy to the works of some fine artists. The annual WVV Festival showcases women who create and perform in a myriad of ways. The festival ran from January 17-25, and featured everything from spoken word to cabaret raunch, to visual arts, to theatre, to music and, yes, even workshop activism! And none of it was run of the mill; for example: cellist Peggy Lee and pianist Lay Tuan Tan were not afraid to get right into their instruments (literally) and drew achingly beautiful music from their instruments using brushes, sticks, and wires - definitely not for the timid and traditional. This experimental quality is characteristic of the Women in View Festival, which provides artists with a space and an audience with which to explore and explode myths, while showing their works in a funky and freeing environment. Throughout the year the Festival committee continues to support and help produce the new visions of female artists in Canada.

Before the Festival began rolling, I got a chance to speak to two playwrights and a comedian to share coffee, artistic inspiration and urban frustrations...

Women in View

By Natasha Lena

DISORDER: I'm at a different cafe now - Cafe S'il Vous Plait - with Frannie Sheridan. OK, Frannie, tell us about the show you have in the Women in View Festival.

Frannie: Well, it's not so much a show, as I am doing fifteen minutes of splicing - some stand-up comedy and that kind of thing. Yes, indeed.

How did you get into stand-up comedy?

When I was in theatre school in Toronto - I was in and out of theatre school since I was 15 - my colleagues thought I was funny, and [that] motivated me to go to Yuk Yuk's. So I started working out there, and that's where it all began. **Was the first show scary?**

The first show was so scary that I was incredibly spontaneous and witty, out of complete fear of being killed. And that was great, but it was actually quite a painful journey after that. I had this coach who was writing comedy

with me until two o'clock in his kitchen in Toronto, and he immediately put me into a showcase for Breslin, who owns Yuk Yuk's. I came out on stage and I said something spontaneous because there were a couple of drunks in the audience, and I got a huge laugh.

Then I froze, completely froze, and delivered the rest of my act in a complete monotone, because I had all these raging fears to deal with. My parents are Jewish Holocaust survivors, and I was brought up to tell everybody I was Catholic. We went to Catholic church, and, you know, I looked about as Catholic as a hog.

Will you tell the joke that you do about your dad? About my dad? It's quite usual, so it's kind of hard to do here.

Do you use props, and things like that?

I do. I do. I have all kinds of props and I do - I've been referred to as North America's finest rodent impersonator. [Natasha laughs] I do a fabulous hamster, which is always a big gut-blaster. You can always rely on that when you're bombing - bring out the hamster!

Do you use a lot of stuff that's personal [in your act]? You talk about ethnicity, being raised Catholic even though you're originally Jewish, and being a woman.

Yeah, I put that in the centre of my act. I have this show called *The Waltonsteins*, which is a docu-drama about my family and my life, my search for identity and for love, and for my true voice. It was extremely well-received - we just sold it to Bravo! TV - and it was a really good venue for me to confront a lot of my stuff. And I've realised that I really, really enjoy having the audience like me. I really like that. And the sexual stuff, making fun of how we're

supposed to behave as women, it's - I sometimes achieve what I want to with it, which is to have people laugh along with me at the ridiculousness of it, and sometimes people are so terrified - there's that visceral, that tangible feeling of tension in the audience. But I don't enjoy that anymore. I've done it. I did it with a show I did across Canada, called *The Butthole Dramedy*. So now, in my comedy, I do more kind of twisted, weird, quirky stuff, and political stuff about my personal experience, because it's unique and interesting and no-one can really dispute it. [Laughing] **You're the only expert.**

I am. The last remaining expert. And I have a better time - I'm discovering [in which] environment I can successfully deal with the darker side of my humour, and that is in a theatre arena. Comedy is comedy, and it's about getting the laugh, but also, you know, sort of putting the politics in where I can. It's really really hard for me to figure out. **Is comedy a really difficult medium for dealing with darker issues, as opposed to theatre or film or something?**

Absolutely, and it took me a long time to learn that. Sometimes I'm really, really, really stupid. And sometimes I'm brilliant. I really, truly am. And, yeah, it was a painful process to discover that, but, you know, people just don't want to hear about the Holocaust at Yuk Yuk's. It's a lousy thing. **Is that considered trivialising for people who might have experienced that who might be at Yuk Yuk's?** I think it all depends on your perspective. But,

more than that, people come to a comedy club because they want to laugh. And I appreciate that, because there are times when I just want to flake out myself, and I think it's really healthy to want to be tripe and superficial and goofy and silly, too. So I had to discover how to like that, and how to sort of permit myself to come from a family with a - I feel a huge responsibility to continue on picking up the pieces that my parents left behind without blaming them or anything, and the importance of pride of identity, whatever it is that you are. And so...what the heck was I talking about?

I don't know. Has this helped you find that - pride of identity?

Yes. Doing *The Waltonsteins*, being able to tell my story, has freed me up as a comic. My whole energy is a lot different since I worked through this.

What are some of your most embarrassing moments as a stand-up?

I was, fairly recently, asked to do a fund-raiser for Kinezis, which is a feminist newspaper. I imagined that they had

seen my work before, so I did some of my stuff that was left over from *The Butthole Dramedy*, which is my schtick about making fun of how we're supposed to behave as women. It's fairly radical, and I don't know if they just were in the mood, but I was doing one bit about - I was thinking of going to Mexico, so I referred to the fact that, since it was the middle of winter, I wasn't prepared to be seen on the beach. This is a visual gag, and I say, "Would you just look at my bikini line!". Then I lift up my skirt, and I've got this gigantic wig in between my legs that goes down to my knees. The audience was silent. And it's moments like that where I just kind of thought, you know, maybe I should just go back to dentistry school, because this is not worth this. It was ridiculous.

And the thing is that it's not a movie, you can't just flip into the next scene. You actually have to sit there and -

But you can make fun of your pain. Once again, you know, I said something like, "Here's something else that you're not going to find the least bit humorous, one way or the other". **Well, you could always say, you know, "How many women get to make a beehive out of their public hair!"**

Absolutely. And then I'd show them different things you could do with it - tease it, hairspray it - it was quite versatile. **How did you get involved with Women in View?** Kathleen Weiss called me up and asked me if I wanted to do fifteen of comedy. I was really delighted and tickled pink, but it's funny - a couple of years ago I tried to submit my show, *The Butthole Dramedy*, [with] which I toured Canada during the Fringe Festival. It was an extremely kind of progressive radical feminist show; the whole thing was making fun of everything I was scared or ashamed of, not just sexuality. And I was phoned by the people at Women in View, and I was told that - I believe it was Kathleen Weiss [who] said that she thought my work was auspicious and brave and important, and half of the women who were adjudicating on who to get in the Festival had decided that it was really, really great, and half of them

actually hated it. So it was that extreme a reaction, and she was going to determine whether or not my show was in. But I had no feedback from them after that whatsoever; so I was kind of put off. I thought, "Well, a women's festival - I don't know, maybe they got all kinds of funding from IBM or some..." [Natasha laughs] Not that I have anything against IBM, [but] I didn't know what the deal was, and it put me off. So I didn't even try to have *The Waltonsteins* produced by the festival this year. I kind of gave up on them. So it was really kind of - it was sort of healing for me to have Kathleen call me and have me, you know, come and do the fifteen minutes. So, thanks, Kathleen.

Frannie Sheridan

DISORDER: Can you tell us a bit about the piece you're working on for the Women in View festival?

Kathleen Oliver: It's a play in verse and it's a sort of comedy of manners; it borrows a little bit from restoration comedy form, and it's a very plot-driven. It's about a brother and sister, Catherine, the sister, is secretly stealing the poems that her brother writes and deciding them up to publish them under a different name. Her brother, Thomas, is very frustrated by this and wonders who the thief is, because he doesn't know that she's doing this as revenge for his childhood theft of a poem from her that he won a prize for. Their parents were really proud of him, and then their mother died the same night so Catherine never got to set the record straight. So she's sort of taking it out on him 'cause he's in denial about the childhood crime. Meanwhile, her lesbian lover is trying to persuade her to run off to a lesbian commune. That eventually happens, and then Thomas disguises himself as a woman in order to pursue her there - and then it gets really complicated. It sounds like there's lots of twists and turns... Definitely, yes.

Why did you choose to use verse instead of prose?

It wasn't so much a conscious choice; it sort of started as verse. I had seen a reading of this play in verse one night and the next morning I woke up with lines in my head and realized, 'Hey, I think there's a story here.' When I realized it was something that might grow into something bigger it was a lot easier for me to write in verse; all I had to worry about was making the next line rhyme instead of having to worry about what I was trying to say. The motivating factor [was] 'just keep writing', so instead of envisioning a blank page, or reams of blank paper, it was just the next line. Then the verse became sort of a valuable element because the play has a lot to do with convention - the comedy of manners is certainly a very formal form. And thinking about gender as a set of conventions seemed a really interesting way to explore that, by looking at the verse conventions. Everything in this play is very contrived; but then, what's more contrived than gender?

So when you have dialogue you write it as "OK, Joe says", and then he says his lines in verse?

Yeah.

And then Sue says her lines in verse?

Yeah, the entire play is written in verse. Half of it takes place at the estate of the brother and sister's godparents and half of it takes place in the lesbian commune; I use heroic couplets at the godparents estate, and then a different verse form [at the lesbian commune]. So the lesbians, when they are not

having to pass as straight in the straight world, speak in this other verse form, and then when they are speaking to straight people in the straight world they speak in heroic couplets, I thought initially I would have the [godparents] stuff in verse and the lesbian commune in naturalistic dialogue, but then I thought, that's not really accurate because it's not like lesbians aren't circumscribed by their own set of conventions.

Exactly. Well, that's really interesting. So, what about the idea of a play reading? What does that mean as opposed to a regular play of stage theatre?

This is sort of a step on the way to a full production, an interim step that will allow me to hear it being read and to get a sense of how it's working.

Will someone else be directing this?

Yes. Kathleen Weiss, who's the artistic director of Women in View, has been working with me for the past several months as my dramaturge, which is someone who - I didn't know the word dramaturge until a few years ago.

I always thought it meant dramatic urge.

[laughter] Yeah. So, [Kathleen's] been helping me develop the play. She's the one who has more experience in the theatre, and I find it's

really helpful to be working with someone who, when I bring her something I've written, can say, "Well, why is this character doing this? That seems inconsistent with this aspect of their character. What if they were doing this instead?" So that's a really valuable person to have, and she's going to direct the actors in the reading.

What about the enigmatic name *Swollen Tongues*? Where did you come up with that?

Swollen Tongues actually came from a poem I had written a long time ago when I was a student at Western, for a restoration literature class. The poem was actually in heroic couplets, and the idea of 'Swollen Tongues' - the line was about this character in *The Illiad* who, for being overly vain, is struck dumb by the muses because he boasts that his singing could surpass theirs. The line was "Cursing in jealous rage at mused honey throats/his dumb tongue swollen with unuttered notes." The idea is that the tongue swells with the things it can't say, or the things it's biting back. There are a lot of elements of lying and secrets and silence in this play, so there are lots of swollen tongues, because everybody has a secret that they're keeping from someone, or everybody tells lies to somebody else, or everybody is being silenced in one area or another. The action of the play is about all of those things coming to light in this sort of freeing of the voices.

Alright. Thank you.

Kathleen Oliver - *Swollen Tongues*

DISORDER: I'm Natasha from CTR and I'm here at Glen's with Linda Wong. Linda, hi, I'm Linda Wong, I'm the playwright for *Images in the Cloud*. It's a play about daydreaming. The main character, Fay, is trying to separate her life from daydreaming and reality, and she's having a bit of a problem because she's idealized her imaginary friends and they've sort of taken over her life.

Have you had experiences with imaginary friends yourself? Do you have any?

I have plenty of imaginary friends. My imaginary friends grow with me as I grow up. I don't think they ever leave me. They're fun to talk to, they sort of help me with problems if I'm not too sure.

How does the imaginary friend help the character?

In your play for Fay, who's the main character? Her imaginary friends help her cope with her life, because she's extremely dissatisfied with what she has, and she doesn't know how to change it. It's her way of escaping her responsibility and changing it.

In the play it sounds like you're introducing all these elements that have all been associated with children, like daydreaming and imaginary friends, into the world of adults. What are your thoughts on that?

Well, as adults, we actually do daydream, but we're not allowed to use the word 'daydream'. The world of daydream is for children. It sounds so innocent and playful.

And sweet.

Yeah, sweet. But, for adults, we fantasize, we dream about erotic stuff, violence, espionage, illicit little things that run through our heads, like killing our bosses. I feel that adults should be allowed to daydream, because if we don't daydream, then how can we think beyond our boundaries, to go beyond them? I'm not talking about sexual boundaries, or taboo boundaries, like taking illicit drugs or whatever, I'm talking about expanding our selves personally, to see ourselves somewhere else, other than where we are now. Our fears, our anxieties, insecurities, it's hard for us to overcome them, and I think that if our imagination sees us overcoming those particular problems within ourselves, then maybe we can translate that into our real life, to push ourselves, to go beyond [those problems].

What events in your development as an artist led up to you writing this play?

I started out as a film-maker, but I discovered that I didn't learn enough about the more creative aspects of film-making. I learned about cinematography, lighting, and sound, and that's all really important, but the other important part is the script. I'd never been taught how to write a full-length dialogue in a script, and I thought, 'Well, here's a good place to start.' I figured, in order to learn how to write a really good dialogue, you ought as well learn how to let your characters talk. [And] the theatre is a perfect venue for that. People are allowed to let their characters talk in that particular venue, so why not learn how to let your characters talk in

order to not let them talk in a film? 'Cause film is just short, snappy dialogues, whereas the theatre is long dialogues where you can go on forever. You mentioned something earlier about a clowning workshop. How did that help you write this play?

People were reading the stuff I'd written, and they were laughing, and I just thought, 'Wait a minute, what's so funny about this? I didn't mean it to be funny.' But it came across as being really hysterical, and I thought this must have had to come out of the fact that I took this clowning workshop. I've never been able to make people laugh, and at the clowning workshop I learned a lot about comedy and about timing, how to make people laugh, what doesn't work - things like that. I think I'm at the point where I can deliberately do that now, find the right rhythm, you know? I'm

not completely there yet - the Women in View festival, for me, is a big test to see whether I can reach out to a much larger audience than just a group of people I know.

When you were talking about dialogue and how real dialogue is, and choices about that - what about the Chinese that you use without translation?

I've done that on purpose because we don't translate what we say. I mean, they've ever done that in their life! We talked in jargon, so we translate it. We don't. Not everybody knows the word 'esoteric', but I don't translate that for people; I assume they know it. We don't talk like that - it breaks up the flow of natural conversation.

Here you found that foreign languages, especially Chinese, and Chinese people, have been misrepresented that way? Or made to seem unnatural because of that translating?

Yeah, I think so. I mean, you go to an opera and it's all in a foreign language. We get subtitles. And I thought, 'How come we watch operas in languages we don't understand? I don't understand German, Italian, or French, but it seems natural to us to hear operas in a foreign language.' So, if someone's doing a person of another culture, we have to decide, as writers, whether to deliberately do it all in English, or insert little cultural details in there to make it seem more real. Maybe it's a lean towards realism. I've seen that in film, in particular - they're allowed to do that.

We also discussed earlier the issues of not having 'issues' in your play - how do you feel about that? Do you think people will criticize you, or do you care?

I really don't care. I feel that by putting out a play that's not issue-oriented, and to have Chinese characters - or Asian characters, for that matter - in a play, is in itself a political statement. If I don't have to bring an issue about, why should I? I don't see white people talking about why they're white. Nobody's life is consumed with issues, and I feel that there are enough plays out there that do issues really well. If my play is meant to entertain, to make people laugh, to

enjoy, to forget about life for a little while, so what? Why should that be thought of 'entertaining' in the realm of television or movies alone?

Do you think it's impossible to combine humour and entertainment with education and awareness-raising about issues? Could you write a play about racism that could be really funny?

I think that's very difficult. You have to be a really sensitive person, and a person with a lot of knowledge, in order to tell that and to understand what you're writing about. I don't feel I have the skills to do that. It's not very easy to watch a very difficult subject and be entertained by it. It's not an easy separation. You can be, if you want, entertained by a serious subject, but it has to be in that particular tone. You watch certain plays where there is this subject we don't laugh at, but we're entertained by the fact that we're provoked to think. I think that in itself is different. If you mean by entertainment making people laugh about issues that are really difficult, the writer has to be really sure of what he or she is writing because the chances of you offending people are pretty high.

On both sides.

On both sides. You can't please everyone, let's face it. You can't compromise yourself so much so that you please everyone. [If] it's a mixed-down version of what you intended, that can be a really serious compromise of your integrity as a writer.

What are your plans for after this play - are you working on anything new?

I'm working on a screenplay at the moment, but I also would like to expand the play some more and work on it, 'cause there are some problems with it [that] I'm aware of. There are dialogue problems, and, maybe, characterization [problems]. That's a really difficult job, I think, for a writer, to make sure all your characters -

Are full.

Are full, or believable. That they're actually full-fleshed, 3D, and the audience will take them as individuals.

How did you get involved with the Women in View festival?

Kate Weiss had approached me about submitting a play. My former mentor in the workshop that I originally did had mentioned that I had a play that Kate might be interested in. And so, when Kate called me I just sort of rushed off a copy and gave it to her and just hoped that she would like it. And she did. I really ecstatic that she decided to take it on.

And so we're. Thanks a lot.

Thank you.

Photo: Shanna Dempsey in *Arboret Housewife*. Pic by Sheila Spence



NARDWUAR

Nardwaur: Who are you?

Lydia: I'm Lydia Lunch.

And who are you?

Exene: I'm Exene Cervenka.

Hello, Exene, it's a pleasure to see you here. I

didn't think you'd be here.

Exene: Why?

I don't know, I just didn't think you'd be here.

It's a pleasure to see you, Lydia Lunch.

Lydia: Hmm. Thank you.

Now, Exene, does anybody ever get Lydia

confused with Lena Lovich?

E: No, I think they get Courtney Love confused

with Lena Lovich, don't they?

Like, Lydia Lunch - Lena Lovich. Any comparison?

E: Next question.

L: I see no comparison.

Right now you're very hungry, right?

L: Well, that doesn't matter. I'm hungry for an

intelligent conversation, which I've yet to find.

Lydia Lunch, do you still want to commit suicide?

L: I never wanted to commit suicide, but

I'm always ready for murder.

Exene?

E: What?

Do you still want to commit suicide?

E: Oh, I never did. When?

Who are the Paley brothers?

L: What does that matter? Two hot young

fucks from Boston.

Now Lydia, did Jonathan Paley once pay to

have sex with you, or did you once pay to

have sex with him?

L: No, neither, neither, not.

Well, according to this *Ben is Dead* magazine, this

little article there, it says the Paley brothers -

L: Look, anyone that can remember back 17

years has a better memory than I, right? So if

you want to interview Jonathan Paley, maybe

you should do that.

Well, just looking at this article and it said, "Lydia"

L: It's so irrelevant.

Well, this is a new magazine you were interviewed

for yourself.

L: Yeah, it was, so what - I guess you believe

everything you read.

In the interview it said, "Lydia would say,

'Jonathan, please come home and fuck me.'

And he also whipped you. And I'm trying to

give you a chance to get back at those

homeboys. What is going on there?"

L: There's no reason to get back at him, it's 17

fucking years ago, and it doesn't mean

diddleyshit to me, friend.

So you have no recollection of it, or no interest in it,

and you never ever want it brought up again.

L: I don't give a shit. It's your fetish, not mine.

OK, I will adhere to your rules. Now, are you

aware of some of Lydia's recordings with Bliza

Bargeld at all, Exene?

L: Some? There was one.

E: Oh, a little.

The *Thirsty Animal* release. There's a bit of

screaming there at the end. Now, the rumour

was that Bliza was tied up and whipped with

chains - what's going on there?

L: He probably was, but I think it was Mufti

that was whipping him with chains, since I

couldn't really come five feet within his aural

zone, because the man stunk of rotted

fruit and vegetables so much, maybe it

from never changing his rubber pants,

I'm not sure.

You don't like the past, do you, Lydia?

L: I live in the future, and the present.

Exene, you like the past.

E: I like parts of it.

You went out with *Six Bators*, right Lydia?

L: I went in and out with *Six Bators* many times,

I never went out with him.

Does it annoy you that a lot of people who

worship the Dead Boys, those that bug you, that

a lot of people worship them? I mean, the

Dead Boys, man, the Dead Boys? Stiv.

L: Hey, the Dead Boys still fucking rule, and that

one of them's dead is even better.

Were you at all interested in any of those

New York bands?

L: Like?

Like the Dictators or the Kias, or those type of

rock 'n' rollers?

L: Kias?

Yeah, Kias, they're straight out of New York.

L: Jersey, I think.

You never had any run-ins with them in the

early days?

L: Sure, I had run-ins with all of 'em. I ran into

almost every hot man in New York in the late

'70s - would you like a fucking encyclopedia

listing of everyone who I've fucked? You can't

have all night.

Why did Belinda Carlisle end up marrying a

Republican?

E: Because she's a Republican, I guess.

Brian Gregory - the Cramps.

L: I guess - I don't know. You know, we're very

entertained, but you have to get to something

that we care about.

OK - the Cramps - please, Lydia, the Cramps.

Brian Gregory?

Do you ever correspond with him anymore?

L: I haven't seen him in 15 years.

You don't know what he's doing?

L: No, I think he's rotting and probably trying

to overcome his flesh-orientated

amœbic infestations.

"Cause Eight-Eyed Spy kind of had some neat

tunes, didn't they - your Crampin, "diddy-wa-

dydydy," that's kind of Crampin.

L: It's not at all Crampin.



WHY? Well and

Lydia, when she was living with James White, James Chance, James sometime-in-name-way, and I was living out of Avenue A in a really horrible apartment... she would say, "Jonathan, c'mon, please come home and fuck me, please come home and fuck me." And so I used to go over there and fuck her. We used to go out sometimes, we'd go out to restaurants and then, like, run out on the street without paying... or Lydia would leave first, then I'd leave, and we'd leave James sitting there, make him run out last or pay? We were all broke. But sometimes she managed to... like this one night, I wasn't really on the idea of going over there. For one thing, she had to go to KLU and it had that little fish-line thing at the end of it, and I kept sticking into the end of my cock, and it really hurt. Anyway, so she was like, "Please, please..." and I was like, "Aw, I know," and she says, "I've got you ten dollars." And I said, "Okay? This happened a couple of times.

You giggled... I've never Lydia do some pretty baby things in her apartment. Did she ever do something really baby with you?" Well, one time *Six Bators* called me up and said, "Jonathan, there's this girl from Cleveland who really likes you. She's here right now. We're all going over to Lydia's house to have a party. Why don't you come over?" I'm like, "Okay, great." So I go over there, and we all got naked, and *Six Bators* started whapping her with his belt. He was whapping her, and Lydia was giving her head, saying, "Isn't this the most beautiful pussy you've ever seen?" and we took turns doing that, doing all levels of nasty sex things.

Ben is Dead interview by: Darby
Ben is Dead address:
P.O. Box 3166
Hollywood, CA, USA 90028

Well, it's kinda garage-y, at least.

L: Yeah, OK.

So you never really find any affinity with those guys?

L: I found some affinity with the Cramps, sure.

What about this goth thing - would you not say,

Exene, that Lydia - when I think your name,

"Lydia Lunch"/"Lena Lovich", I kind of think

a bit of Goth. The Cramps got goth, too. I

think a lot of New York bands got a goth

following. What is goth, and have any

goths been coming out to this Rude Hiero-

glyphics tour?

E: I don't know, I don't care.

L: Look, Nardo, goth has nothing to do with

me. It's like saying, you know, everyone with

black hair looks like Siouxsie and the Banshees.

I mean, you gotta get with it, dude, you know,

you're categorizing it just making so sense to me.

You know, like, there's people coming out to

gigs, and you go, "Oh, there's the goths!" -

L: Who gives a shit what they look like? It's what

they think about that's important. Look at you

- I mean, if you came out to my gig, I'd say,

"What is this, like, hockey fan doing at my

fucking show, this guy Nardo, what is this all

about? I mean, this guy is, like..."

Nardwaur the Human Serviette, Lydia Lunch.

L: [to Exene] He is kind of as irritating as you

said he would be. [to Nardwaur] But, I mean,

what does it matter what people look like, it's

what they fucking think or do.

All I'm referring to is - you know Down by

Law, don't you?

E: You mean a movie called *Down by Law*?

No, that Dave Smalley guy, you know, straight-

edge - "I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't..."

L: I don't give a shit.

Well, he says - I heard through an insider, an

industry insider, that Dave Smalley, he really

does still drink, even though he's supposed to

be straight-edge, but he still, you know, tries

to maintain the image to do it for the kids. I

mean - are you doing it for the goths?

E: You're so funny. You're so silly. You know what -

No, we're not finished, we're not finished, a few

more questions.

E: We don't know who that is. We don't know

who that is, and we don't care. Because we

know that guy is it.

After working with, like, Richard Kern in his wild

movies - what's the deal on that good-looking

guy, that like David Wojnarowicz guy?

L: I don't know who you're speaking about.

He's in the movie *Sissy Days*. I really love the

way he looks. Where is that guy right now?

L: He's probably dead, since I have no idea

who you're fucking talking about.

In those Richard Kern movies, one of the

Richard Kern movies.

L: There's a hundred people in the Richard

Kern movies. Got your facts straight.

OK, how 'bout the - do you like the knife - what

is that knife that Richard Kern uses - I love it -

you just squeeze it and the blood comes out.

L: [Rather acerbically] That's right, it's a blood knife.

I love the way it's the same knife every time.

L: Well, that's right.

And how 'bout that pistol, you know - you

came in close physical contact with a pistol.

Was it cleaned when you came into close

touching contact with the pistol?

L: Before or after?

Well, before, before you came in contact with it.

L: I don't think that was necessary. It was well

greased and oiled and cleaned the way a

good machine should be.

Right after these Richard Kern movies, you



ended up collaborating with Billy ver Plank?

L: No, I think it was before that. You gotta get your history straight, buddy. Billy ver Plank, like, 1981.

Now, this guy's interesting. He's into Flintstone cartoon movies. You go from blood to Flintstones? What's his background, Lydia Lunch and Exene?

L: Well, he wrote all the music for *The Flintstones* and lots of cartoon music during the '50s, '60s, '70s. It's kind of a contrast, isn't it, to go from Richard Kern to, you know, cartoons?

L: You got it backwards, buddy. I went from *Teenage Jesus* to *The Flintstones* soundtracks to *Eight Eyed Spy* to Richard Kern, and many things in between, which obviously you don't have notes about, but that's OK, because I don't intend to sit here and document my entire life's history.

Who is God?

L: I have no fucking idea.

You know, your routines - who is God?

E: That's not our routine.

I thought God is cock, Lydia Lunch.

L: God does not exist.

Is there anything good about religion? Is there

one good thing? Like, I once knew these old

Russian ladies, and they were dying, but they

really, really liked religion, and they had some-

thing to look forward to, I mean, could it now

be good for them, they're about to die and,

like, they die in church, isn't there anything

good about it?

L: That's what the problem is with religion, that

it's an organized, corporate conspiracy to

steal people's money by brainwashing them.

What is good about religion is that it gives peo-

ple something to concentrate, to focus on, to

hope for, because their lives are so petty and

insignificant that they just can't face the fact

that when they die, it's over, and worms eat

your fucking guts.

Do you think that A.I.D.S. is a form of biolog-

ical warfare advanced by the C.I.A.?

L: That's one possibility.

E: Well, it's probable, isn't it? But maybe not

the C.I.A. There's other organizations that deal

with that more than the C.I.A. would.

Like who? Like, A.I.D.S. started in Japan at the

end of the war?

E: No, it started in the United States, the World

Organization of Health [sic] -

L: WHO.

E: World Health Organization, Centre for Dis-

ease Control or accidental laboratory experi-

ment on animals, or inspiration, or, you know...

L: Look, I don't know why people are so upset

about A.I.D.S. because, if we go back in history -

You think A.I.D.S. is hilarious, don't you?

L: No, I think it doesn't kill as many people as many

other plagues that we've had historically. If we

want to go back to the Middle Ages, or even not

as far back as the Middle Ages - I mean, the louse,

my favourite animal, has personally been respon-

LYDIA LUNCH

sible for wiping out more men, and I do mean 'men', than bullets, bayonets or bombs. Because the louse spreads plagues, and there's been many plagues which have been far more devastating, more quickly disseminating, than A.I.D.S. People are all in an uproar about A.I.D.S., and it's only because, in our immediate lifetime, we can't remember the bubonic plague, we can't remember the laughing or St Vitus Day dance; we can't remember these plagues which infiltrated Europe, wiping out people in 2 or 3 days.

You wrote a comic book about Dymphna - who's Dymphna?

L: Dymphna was a saint, considered saint of the sexually insane, because her father was a pagan king who, once the mother died, insisted the daughter become queen, she refused, ran off with a priest in Antwerp, near Belgium-Holland border, and her father tracked her down and beheaded her, because she would not, indeed, copulate.

That was a comic book that you put the words to, and somebody else illustrated, right?

L: Yes, he's also dead, Mike Matthews. I have another comic book coming out in the fall with Ted McKeever.

Is that on Fantagraphics?

L: It will be on D.C./Vertigo.

Hello, how are you doing?

L: I'm perfect.

Exene, how're you well?

E: Oh, I'm perfect as well.

Why did you guys want Courtney Love's recipe for Prozac brownies?

L: Do you want me to tell him now or later?

E: We don't, we don't, we were just making a joke. On the record. A joke.

'Cause you told Lisa Suckdog that you once faxed Courtney, or Courtney said that you once faxed her while she was on KROQ, and you were saying...

L: Look, this is how pathological Courtney is. I was living in New Orleans while she did that radio interview. I don't see how I could hear KROQ in New Orleans and fax her at the time.

So you didn't fax Courtney Love saying "Stop trying to cop me"?

L: No, I haven't. Other people can do that for me. I have no desire to have any contact with her.

And she offered you money and you took it.

E: No, no - that's the problem with the technological age, this is the problem with the anonymous age of disinformation, is everyone -

This is the problem with *RollerDerby*, this is Lisa Suckdog's information. If you can't trust Lisa Suckdog, who can you trust?

E: You're not gonna let me say one fucking thing in this whole interview - it that all these anonymous people pretend to be other people, and it's like, it's the medium of the coward and the liar, is this stupid computer thing.

L: And that's why it's perfect for Courtney.

But this isn't the computer. I got that out of *RollerDerby*.

E: No, but that's how that stuff gets passed 'round. You said it was faxed. And you said, you know, that people called.

L: You're quoting these shitty magazines which don't have one iota of interest in the real truth, and it's all perverted through historical backlog, and people are so consumed with other priorities that what do these petty details mean anyway?

Who put David Byrne and R.E.M. on the cover of *Time* magazine?

E: What year?

No, who put them in who made those people, Lydia? Who are those people that you'd like to identify?

L: I don't give a shit.

You don't care about those people who put David Byrne and R.E.M. on the cover of *Time* magazine, you don't care about those people? Isn't that what you're out to do, you're out to destroy those people.

L: I don't care about *Time* magazine.

But you don't like those people that are out there, that magazine - those people are the root of all evil.

L: Don't you have time for yourself. You're so preoccupied with everybody else's past, where's your own past or history or future? I only have concerns about the world-situation, and my part in it, that's all I'm concerned with,

and at that point, I want to close this interview. Lydia, just a few more little quick questions here. Do you always win? You're beating me here - do you always win?

L: Of course.

You were pushed through a plate-glass window at one time.

No?

L: You really need to do your homework. You said that in your speech!

[Laughter from E & L]

L: And everything I say is completely factual. OK, what about Nicole Simpson's breast implants - were they popped?

L: Ah, that's Exene's line.

OK.

E: Yeah.

Were they, Exene?

E: Mmm-hmm.

What's your take, Lydia Lunch, on Howard Stern's lesbian dial-a-date?

L: Come back with a token of reality under your belt and I'll speak to you then.

Exene, have you ever parted with Annie Sprinkle at all?

E: No I haven't.

Anything else you'd like to add to the listeners out there in the land?

L: Ur - do it yourself.

Why should people care about this Rude Hieroglyphics tour with Lydia Lunch?

L: You shouldn't, [laughter] I don't give a shit what they do. They should do like I do and do it them fucking selves and not believe second-hand information force-fed to them by people who don't know what they're fucking talking about.

So do you have many Canadian friends?

L: My father was Canadian, and I don't consider him a friend, but he's dead, so I guess it doesn't matter.

Were you born in Canada?

L: No, I wasn't.

Your Dad was Canadian - this is amazing, Lydia Lunch!

L: Well, this is the first you've ever heard of it, and it's true.

Where was he from, though, in Canada?

L: Kitchener, Ontario - now, goodbye.

Any relatives we can hunt down?

L: No, they're all dead, I'm an orphan.

That's interesting, because Miriam Linna, you know, Miriam Linna, original drummer for the Cramps?

L: You better stop, because you're forcing me to violence now [laughs].

Miriam Linna is Canadian, do you know her?

L: Yes, I do.

She's cool, eh? Wasn't that mean of them to kick her out?

L: Please, Nardo. You're out of line.

Well, keep on rocking in the free world. Doot Doota Doot Doot.

E: No, I don't do that. I won't.

COURTNEY: What is this?

LISA: I'm asking women about clothes.

COURTNEY: Who have you asked?

LISA: My mother, Lydia Lunch.

COURTNEY: You know what? I was doing "Lovellina" on KROQ, and Lydia sent this fax in that said like, "You'll never be smarter than me. Stop trying to cop me..."

So I read it out over the air and I said, "Lydia, I've been copping you since I fucking heard of you. You're the best thing on the planet. I give you more tribute than anybody else and I love you and I wish you wouldn't be so mad at me. And, Lydia, if there's anything, I can do for you - if there's any philosophical, tax deductible thing that I can do to you - you know how to get in touch with me."

LISA: You offered her money.

COURTNEY: Basically, yeah. I love Lydia.

Rollerderby interview by: Lisa Carver

Rollerderby address:

P.O. Box 18054

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A tiresome debate is still raging these days as to whether or not it's okay to be gay. "Live and let live" is the civil solution; no need for bashing and gay persecution.

But queers are ignored, and often despised by those who can't leave us to live our own lives. Fear and ignorance would seem the rule when many with power are homophobes and fools.

"No marriage, no benefits, adoption is out! You're all spreading AIDS and sexual doubt! It was all so much easier in less liberal days boys seduced girls and the world cried 'hurray!'"

Now promiscuous women who dress as they like are parading the streets and are proud to be dykes. This queer pride and outness must cease and desist! We'd be oh so happy if you didn't exist."

Of course sex isn't everything, but it's become the cause; to deny it is like saying we've no issues of race. It should be no-one's business what we do in our beds but it matters when bigots pick fights and roll heads.

No-one is preaching they must become gay, but they are demanding we do it their way. They are insistent, we must all live the same; they decree that our sex lives be hopelessly tame.

These conservatives tend toward anal repression - but the probing of queerness is still their obsession. "It's sick" says the Right, but who wants to know? Why do they care who we fuck, suck or blow?

It's been called a crime, it's been called abuse by people who want all their effort and juice on misguided crusades to dictate others' actions. If they hate gays so much, then what's the attraction?

"Get back in the closet and give us some room to guess what you're doing in there with the broom!" Perhaps it is time they take a look at a vacation and withdrew their gaze from the butts of the nation.

LIVE AND LET FUCK

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They love to examine what they claim to hate while silencing queers with their vicious debate. They protest our existence and the fact that we're born - while furtively leaving through lesbian porn.

Could they be worried of missing the fun? Could they be jealous of the sex that they shun? Could their outward revulsion belie a desire for same-sex partners they wish to acquire?

Preston Manning, as always, is eager and keen to be outraged (maybe tempted?) by queers that he's seen. And that is the nature of true western Reform: to do what you will while enforcing the norm.

Our enemies are riddled with hypocrisy, words mismatch behaviour among the bourgeoisie. All these conservatives we're righteously blaming - these religious right-wingers could be secretly flaming.

Political candidates worry what's next, they've confessed to drug smoking, and soon to sex - they weakly protest experiments with fellatio: "I tried in the '70s, but I didn't swallow!"

When Clinton was jogging in Vancouver last, he brought FBI agents to watch his ass. 'Hand-picked bodyguards' for his protection with the ability to jog despite an erection.

Of course Mr. Harcourt (though you could never tell) performs questionable acts with Maamillan Bloedel. But he shouldn't deny it, he should be proud to be building a province where queers are allowed.

Evangelical crusaders have always been suspect, their heterosexuality an unlikely prospect. Jim Bakker may not be out as a fog but with the wigs and the makeup Tammy must be in drag.

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Poor Jimmy Swaggart, the Christian defender was caught with a prostitute of the female gender. Would Jimmy suffer the same fall from grace if he were caught sitting on Falwell's face?

Perhaps Jerry Falwell would then cancel his plan to napalm all gays and lesbians in the land. He might even come out on the side of the queer and find love in his god instead of just fear.

Newt Gingrich is causing a ruckus I hear; 'family values' his weapon against peace-loving queers. The nuclear family is his ideal, of course; he proclaims its propriety as he signs his divorce.

Newt and Rush Limbaugh, thank god for your luck. You've found in each other a bigot to fuck. No one could love them, not even a mother - they should see the light and marry each other.

These two homophobes are a match made in heaven; their wedding would headline the News at Eleven. Now who is the Bottom and who is the Top? They're both power mongers, so they'd probably swap.

Homophobes enjoy their cozy befriendedness penning (cheek to cheek) anti-gay amendments. The motto of the Right is insidious still: "I can have what I want, though no-one else will!"

A Catholic example is telling and true: remember the priests who found little boys to screw while preaching against homo- and hetero-sex; it's an abusive dogma, we see by the effects.

So often they practice what they preach against and in some perverse way, it makes perfect sense: in the oppression of queers they are ignorantly active for what is forbidden is made more attractive.

Some boys in the Legislature aren't after lasses they stare and drool when Svend Robinson passes. But he is a rebel, he defies protocol. MPs are concerned Svend will snitch and tell all.

A broad can't buy a role model these days. Polarized, fractionalized and marginalized politics have left those of us who consider ourselves first as humans and second as females not only cynical, but down-hearted. The modern woman's dilemma faces me daily: should I shoot an abortion doctor or become a lesbian for political reasons? I'm not exactly hankering for the good ol' days of fancy-painting and tea-burning, but the current situation sure makes a convincing argument for ambivalence.

That's why, as far as the false microcosm of Hollywood is concerned, I usually just shut my mouth. "Nothing has changed, nothing will change" is not just the motto of my generation, it's the one lesson history has taught me. In that star-making suburb of LA the rules have always stated clearly that box-office receipts and the dicks of the studio heads dictate policy. Hollywood marketing types tell us again and again: women go to see men's movies but men would rather bake cookies, knit a sweater, or eat their dog than go see a 'woman's film'. Most directors (the Director's Guild is more than 75% male) use this 'fact' to relieve themselves of any compulsion to create believable female characters in their films.

"It's what you call a male pornographic fantasy. On the one hand, you've got a seductive sex-goddess type. On the other, you've got a healthy girl-next-door with a nice butt. So men get it all, Madonna and the whore." - from Dazed and Confused

Bound to include the 'babe-quotient' in each film, 'big-money' directors and producers use women as objects of the lead actors' devotion (the madonnas) or lust (the whores). This isn't to say that the madonnas are always virgins and the whores are always hookers: Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* was a madonna, Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction* was a whore. Maybe they've

been hanging out in the 'blow me and I'll make you a star' capital too long, but most movie roles for women are formula types created by people who seem to never have met a real, living and breathing, woman.

The problem is especially prevalent in the realm of 'reality' cinema. Most Hollywood biographies and historical epics deign to give their male leads few minor flaws but make sure the female characters are firmly in their places, either legs in the air or faces in their hands. Recent examples have included *Sissy Spacek in JFK* (weepingly possessive wife holding husband back from greatness), *Kathleen Quinlan in Apollo 13* (weepingly faithful wife holding head up in face of husband's potential demise), and *la French chick (Sophie Marceau - ed.) in Braveheart* (poignantly easy princess giving noble hero bad king's secrets). The people who created characters like these deserve to play "The Narcissistic Jerk" in a biographical TV-movie that will be written and directed by their wives, girlfriends, mothers and associated starlets.

Intentionally less realistic cinematic ventures are often laughably worse (check out the "Standard Chick Role" in *Nine Months*, *Under Siege*, or the first *Barney* movie) but sometimes are marginally better.

Though her mammalian appendages up-stage her for most of the

film, Patricia Arquette's Alabama does get to tango mano-a-mano with a hired goon in *True Romance* and in the *Aliens* series Sigourney Weaver's Ripley usually manages to leave her uterus out of it.

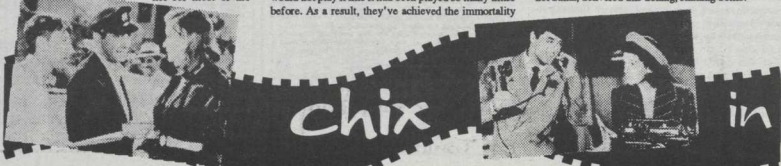
The last movie that shook film-goers out of their Joel Silver-induced stupor was *Thelma & Louise*. An ambiguous reason masquerading as a feminist statement, the reason the movie was so fun to watch, and subsequently did good box-office, was because it was different. It pretended to say something 'meaningful' (about abusive husbands' about rapists' about cowboy bars?) but its real message was that women just want to have the same rip-morning, jean-peeling, oil-rig exploding good time on screen that men get to have all the time. Women change, grow, feed, lust, fuck, and lie their like downstate while some guy pumps them full of semen but they don't exist merely to help the men in their lives become fathers, heroes or existential misanthropes.

Moving back through the annals of time, where the *Zero Hour* is 1895 and we only exist as we appear on celluloid, there have been some prime examples of the kind of film female the screen needs more of. Whether they're bad girls, rich chicks having fun, stately matrons, career gals, or tortured 's, the directors, characters and actresses agreed for once that they would not play it like it had been played so many times before. As a result, they've achieved the immortality

that every ego who has ever worked in Hollywood has dreamed of for themselves since the day they were born.

Of all the great women on screen, I like the bad girls best. Often Hollywood uses the bad girl to reaffirm the hero's essential goodness, to himself and the audience. Once in a while one comes along that's so bad that she's an entity, and a movie, unto herself. To qualify as a true Evil Bitch, one must be stylish, smart, and firmly, though not obviously, in charge. Cartoonishly exaggerated women need not apply, but a heady dose of fantasy is acceptable. Above all, ruthlessness rules. They may not be role models, but at least they have some fun. They play the 'hero' like a *Stradivarius* and in the finale, show him that he's really a little more than a babe.

When Sam Spade (Humphrey Bogart) first meets Brigid O'Shaughnessy (Mary Astor) in the 1941 classic, *The Maltese Falcon*, he's charmed by her demure helplessness. Though she initially seems as innocent as a spring lamb, Detective Spade eventually learns that he's the one scheduled for the slaughterhouse. In a stunning performance, Mary Astor slowly opens up her character like the last present under the tree on Christmas morning, revealing only what she must until the film's last minutes when Spade finally learns that the Grinch, not Santa, delivered this ticking, stinking bomb.



Or how they hush up in fear of being found or losing the power to grind others down. They uphold a tenet the nations hold dear: the indelible right to be secretly queer.

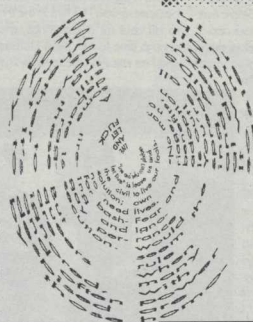
But what of the right to be out and proud? To be true to yourself and to say it aloud? Why should the judgments of others decide who we love, who we fuck, how we feel inside?

If they loosened up and lost the fascination, let queer life be without fear and titillation; maybe they'd even get in on the scene. (Maybe those closeted could finally come clean.)

'Normal' is non-existent, difference is all; we shouldn't be made to feel fucked-up and small. Desire is not evil, it's not weird to be queer. We've nothing to lose except sexual fear.

Anna Friz

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In the '40s noir masterpiece *Double Indemnity*, Phyllis (Barbara Stanwyck) makes no such pretensions to innocence. In fact, that's what insurance salesman Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) likes about her. She's a bored, rich housewife, ripe for the plucking, and he's not adverse to a juicy piece of fruit now and again. It's not until her newly-insured husband is dead and the nose of Neff's fraud-sniffing boss starts twitching that our *Mutual of Omaha* Romeo realizes that his Juliet may have an alternative ending for their little play. Like the audience, Neff only slowly finds out that the iciness he thought was Phyllis' ennui was really a remorseless devotion to herself. In her slightly ironic smile and her leaning posture Stanwyck's Phyllis gives the audience a glimpse of her character's truly devilish nature through a gauzy veil that never shows us so much that we'd hate her but tantalizes us with the raw power she can wield when she wants.

The Last Seduction's Brigit (Linda Fiorentino) shields no one from the dark forces bubbling inside her. From her opening scene as a telemarketing floor manager to the murderous culmination of her hard work and planning, the audience and most of the film's characters think they know exactly how bad this girl is. That's her charm. They just tend to underestimate her smarts. Small town beef-cake Mike

(Peter Berg) is initially intrigued by her caustic put-downs and big-city sexual appetites. Her immorality gives him a few troubled moments, but any qualms about their relationship are quelled by her smooth manipulation of his more tender nature. Soon, he's committing felonies and sitting as pretty as a picture in the elaborate frame she's built around him. Fiorentino was rightfully lauded and wrongfully barred from Oscar contention for her dead-on portrayal of Brigit, a woman who rarely counts on her fingers and never moves her lips when she reads.

With time and space I could conquer the universe and expostulate on other masterful female performances and characters. From the frothy frivolity of Myrna Loy's Nora Charles in *The Thin Man* to the sad grand dame-mom of Katherine Hepburn's Elanor of Aquitaine in *The Lion in Winter*, from the bullet-speed bawler of Rosalind Russell's Hildy Johnson in *His Girl Friday* to the molasses-slow drawl of Lauren Bacall's Slim in *To Have and Have Not*, Hollywood has proved that it can create women worthy of the time it takes to watch them - one can

only hope that the bally broods of movies past aren't entirely forsaken in the movies of the future.



By Tania Alekson

On Friday, March 8th, it's International Women's Day. CiTR 101.9 fM is celebrating with **THUNDER GIRL RADIO!**

*a full day of exploring women's
issues, music, spoken word, and fun!*

- 8am * Good Morning!
- 9am * Muslim women
- 10am * Opera
- 11am * Ska
- 12.30 * Suffragette movement
- 1pm * South American women
- 2pm * womennoise
- 3pm * Women of Colour panel
- 4pm * Blues
- 5.30 * Self-defense
- 6pm * Retrospective of Feminist Punk
- 9pm * Asian women
- 10pm * Live from Thundergirl Radio
Hell - live, loud, and proud, w/
Vancouver bands
Paizuli & Puncture
- 11pm * Late-nite sleaze-fest
- 12am * Women in techno/electronic music

for more information, call CiTR @ 822. 1242

Jodi

Self-identified modified lesbian separatist Jodi Blevie, singer and guitarist for Team Dresch, drummer for Hazel, and co-organizer of the Free to Fight record/zine compilation, would consider work as a dominatrix were it not for the absence of butch role models in the business. It would certainly pay a lot more than punk rock and be a great opportunity to kick some boy ass. In the meantime, like a lot of us, she needs other - more constructive - outlets for her anger against men. Specifically, outlets that won't land her in jail. Given my recent homicidal terrorist fantasies I was most excited about the opportunity to vent with a woman who knew the score but wasn't frightened into compliance and was getting stuff done.

Krista: What really pisses you off these days?

Jodi: Domestic violence. That's the number one thing. Violence against women. That's what pisses me off. Every single day I try to convince other women that we need to dedicate our lives to eradicating all violence against women. Every day.

So this is where the Free to Fight compilation is coming from.

Yeah. It came about because I was sick of just putting out regular rock records. My housemate is a self-defence instructor and we have a lot of the same ideas; we're just doing them in different ways and I just wanted to bring them together because it's clear that we're talking about the same issues, but just in different mediums. And I just think that rock is one of the only public spaces that is secular and I think it is important to use it for other things than making noise. I also wanted to meet women who were doing similar things. I thought this would be a good way because I knew everyone would really want to get involved.

Did you tour with the Free to Fight CD?

Team Dresch went on tour and we did self-defence demos before all of our shows. But that was before Free to Fight came out. There was a Free to Fight tour down the West Coast where we did a workshop before every show - a one-hour workshop - and no guys were allowed at the show. And then we'd have the show and there would be demos during the show also. We're going to do that again in June, to the East Coast and back.

Did you start doing your own self-defence training around the time that you were doing Free to Fight?

I took self-defence for the first time probably about 3 or 4 years before Free to Fight. I've taken multiple classes. I never did it consistently, but a lot of my friends were training to be instructors and stuff, so I was always around it and talking about it. I take classes occasionally - I'm taking a class right now. I wanted to take one before I went on tour. It's something that I like to do whenever I get a chance. I don't train in martial arts regularly - I'd like to - but I'm never home consistently enough.

Have you used your self-defence skills?

I haven't gotten into a physical fight ever. One time I got bashed, but the guy blindsided me, and Donna [Dresch of Team Dresch] jumped on him. So I didn't have to fight. But I've definitely used a lot of the verbal stuff and the self respect stuff. And the physical stuff to the extent of setting your boundaries, like putting your arm up and telling someone to stop and not come any closer.

Has this made you feel safer?

Definitely. Even when we were walking over here, two guys were behind us and they walked past us and I was thinking, "if that guy grabbed me around the waist I would elbow him". I knew what I would do. I think about that all the time. It's fun. That was the whole thing with Free to Fight. It's something you have to deal with all the time when you're walking down the street by yourself, whether you're thinking, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid", or whether you're just aware that you're alone. So you might as well be thinking, "there's an open door, there's something I can grab, here's a move I can do". It can be fun. People think it's really fucked up - some people even go so far as to call self-defence violence - but it's okay to like learning how to fight, it's okay to like fighting, it's okay to think about it and have fun practicing.

I wonder if this makes you over-confident.

I get over-confident in that, when I'm taking self-

defence I get really, like - I just want to fucking kill people. I definitely am more on edge. I get hyper-sensitive to all issues of violence and I want to kill people all the time. I feel almost like I want someone to grab me so that I can fight them. But I know that I would not provoke a fight because I was feeling over-confident. And I know that if someone attacked me and I was feeling over-confident it wouldn't lessen my chances of getting away. If someone actually attacked me and I was feeling over-confident, I think it would actually help because I'd have adrenaline already. But as for getting into fights because of feeling over-confident - I just don't think that it happens.

If somebody grabbed you when you were walking home at night and you were ready for the attack and you started fighting back, do you think that you would fight just enough to run or would you keep hitting him?

I think that if someone came up behind me and I did elbows back, so that I wasn't even seeing him, and I felt him release his hold on me, then I would run. I wouldn't turn and face him and see what was going on because maybe I hit him in the throat and he is going to fall back for five seconds, and that will give me enough time to run. But if I turned around that might give him enough time to strike again. If someone was

Interview by Krista



Team Dresch

fighting me from the front, I would fight until I could run. Basically, I would always just fight until I could run, unless I totally did something, which would probably be by accident, that actually hurt someone badly enough that I could tell that he was 'out'. If someone was out, on the ground, and I knew that he wasn't going to be able to jump right back up again, then I think that I would kick his ass a little bit more. But I wouldn't risk my ass just to kick a few more asses.

One thing that I wonder about when I'm walking home is, what if I kill someone?

Then you'll go to jail because you're a lesbian. I don't know what it is in Canada, but it's that way in the U.S. I mean, in the U.S., being a lesbian is an aggravating circumstance. Legally. It's the same thing as carrying a weapon or being drunk. That just blows my fucking mind.

In Canada I'm not sure if it works that way. But just the fact that it's judges - 50 year old straight white men - who make the decisions, means that anti-lesbian thinking is often the underlying attitude, and that makes them dislike the accused person more. And they believe that you're more violent. Lesbians are violent, crazy man-haters. That's why, when the guy who beat me up said that I called him a heterosexual and threw the first punch, the jury believed him. He didn't get convicted.

Team Dresch Hazel Free to Fight Team Dresch Hazel Free to Fight

Team Dresch Hazel Free to Fight Team Dresch Hazel Free to Fight

So you saw the person who attacked you and took him to court.

Yeah. It went to a grand jury. And the D.A. [district attorney] was like, "How did he know you were a lesbian? What signs did you give off?" I said, "It doesn't matter whether I'm a lesbian. It matters that he called me a lesbian and hit me. That makes it a hate crime. It's not relevant whether I'm a lesbian or not." And he said, "Answer the question." So I said, "I don't know. The way I walk. The way I dress. What are you asking me?" It was insane. The D.A. was so homophobic. And I ended up yelling at him for half-an-hour afterwards when he told me the verdict, and he ended up agreeing with me that he was homophobic and that it was wrong what he did. And I was like, "Tot of fucking god that does me now." We prosecuted for assault and hate crime. The grand jury voted - I don't remember how many jurors there were. Seven maybe. It was like 6-1 thought it wasn't a hate crime and 4-3 thought it wasn't an assault.

and they fought. And then other people came out because they'd seen me go into the club all bloody. And then he got scared and got in his car and drove away, but we got the license plate number and it was a rental car, so the cops found him.

Was the general idea in court that you provoked the fight by being a lesbian?

Yeah. These are the questions the grand jury asked me: "When he said 'Whose ice cream bar?' and you thought he might be drunk, why didn't you just go back inside?" "What were you doing in that bar anyway?" "Couldn't you have gone in another door?" "Was your place

too. I heard through lesbians in the community that some lesbian who had worked for him had been found hanged. I think he's had people killed. He's a really serious motherfucker coke dealer. Really bad news.

Does that make you scared? Knowing that you took him to court?

It did for a long time.

Do you ever run into him, hear from him?

No. But it was written about in the papers a lot because of me being a rock star. I don't think it would have been reported otherwise. It was people who knew me and only knew about it because it was at a rock show; they wouldn't

something. But I'm totally into it and I can totally understand needing to do that for a while or for your whole life or whatever. I think it's a really important choice to be able to make. But if everyone were a separatist, I think it would be problematic. But that's not an issue. There are lots of Women's Lands in Oregon.

Are Women's Lands towns where only women live?

They are like farms where you can go and work in order to live for days or months or whatever.

Have you ever stayed at one?

No. But I really want to. I haven't had time to do a lot of things that I want to do. Too busy.

Although, I don't know if I could handle living in a women's collective. There would be a lot of processing.

I totally agree. But the thing with me lately is that I just want to turn my politics out more. I want to connect with different groups of people who are doing different things. But at the same time I do know women who are pretty separate - as separate as they can get - and it's totally important for me to be able to connect with them and work with them. I would be really sad if there was no lesbian separatism. I'd be really sad if there was no Michigan Women's Music Festival or other places where you can go where there are no men.

How did you find playing at the festival? Great.

The year before you went to Michigan, Tribe 8 was there. I remember hearing that all these women protested their show, that they carried signs that said, "Tribe 8 is violence against women." I wondered if when you were there the next year there was an anti-punk thing happening.

It was totally mellow. People said it was the first year of the festival that there was no Big Issue. There was no big political issue. None. A lot of people left during our show, but a lot of people leave during every show. A lot of older women were totally into it, were stage-diving, were moshing.

So what did you do when you were at Michigan and weren't playing?

I walked around. I just looked at all the lesbians and thought how radical they were. I was really sick so I would just sit and watch and be in the woods and get in touch with my women's spirit, eat bagels, I listened to a lot of really good music. I did some boob tricks on the day stage.

What's that?

Women putting things under their boobs and crushing beer cans with their boobs and stuff. I can't crush beer cans but I was holding stuff.

What did you hold?

I can't hold very much stuff because I don't have big enough boobs, unfortunately. It was Big Boob Appreciation Day. So this one woman was holding a giant baked chicken and a cantaloupe and stuff and I was holding a fork and a knife to eat the food she was holding. But I can hold bigger things than just that - but not that much bigger. Flashlights. Fruit. It's so easy if you're sweaty. That's the thing. If you're sweaty anything will stick to your body.

photos by Denise Sheppard



have known about it otherwise. And they were totally on my side, totally made him look like an asshole in all the papers. And I wanted it to be there because I didn't want to be afraid. But I was definitely afraid. I had some dyke friends who wanted to go fuck him up, but I wouldn't let them. I was like, this guy would have to be killed. He has people around him who do things for him. He was sort of untouchable. I think they could have hurt him, but then someone would hurt me also.

Do you think, for you, going to court was a good thing?

Yeah. I mean, I know where I stand now. I don't have a gun because I know that if I use a gun in self-defense I'm going to be in jail for murder. I know it. So I'll never get a gun.

What about a knife?

I would, maybe. But it's the same thing. And if I carried a weapon, I'd really, really want to know how to use it well.

I've always wanted a switch-blade.

A lot of girls in Olympia have switch-blades. They're really into them.

I used to just carry around my Swiss Army knife open to the corkscrew part.

Yeah, that's good.

I thought that would do better damage than the knife.

It's true.

Eyeball.

Yeah. In the eyes. And if someone grabbed it from you that knew how to fight, they wouldn't be able to fuck with you as bad with a corkscrew.

No one is trained to use a corkscrew. I have mace too.

Me too. I have some somewhere.

But it's hard to use. The fic thing. "Excuse me, could you hold that evil thought while I adjust my mace. Just stand there a minute."

Right.

So what do you think about lesbian separatism?

I love it, but I can't be a part of it. I totally understand women wanting to be separatists. I don't know people in Portland who are actually separatists - I think it's hard living in the city. You pretty much have to go to Women's Land or

So he didn't even get convicted of assault? No. Nothing. Because they believed that I took the first punch. And I had pictures. I had stitches. I had migraine headaches. I had pictures of my entire face. And he had nothing - except that he said he hurt his shoulder.

Were there witnesses?

Yeah. But his wife lied and corroborated his story and she wasn't even there.

What about Donna? She was there. But then again, she's another lesbian.

And he beat her up too. She jumped on him. Nobody saw him hit me except Donna. I was loading up my equipment after the show and he was in the parking lot and I asked him to move his car. He said, "Whose ice cream bar?" And I was like, "Can you move your car?" And he says, "What are you talking about?" And I said, "I need you to move your car so I can get my van." And he's like, "You're a fucking little lesbian bitch." And I said, "That's right, I'm a fucking lesbian bitch, and you're a cock-happy motherfucker, so move your fucking car." And then he got in his car, and I got in my car, and I thought he was going to move, and I was starting to back up, but he wasn't moving. He was just sitting there. So I got out to walk back into the club and wait, and as I was walking around the back of his car he just jumped out of his car and slugged me straight in the eye. He must have had a ring on, because he cut me bad above the eye. And then Donna jumped on him because she saw it,

of employment primarily heterosexual or lesbian? Those were the only questions they asked me. And the D.A. asked me how he knew I was a lesbian and to describe what happened. That was it.

So much for the D.A. being on your side. So much for the D.A. having any logic capabilities. So much for the D.A. understanding what a hate crime is or what would be a relevant line of questioning.

I'm surprised that in the States queer-bashing counts as a hate crime.

It does in Oregon.

In Canada queer-bashing can be a hate crime, but most of the time stuff is not reported as a hate crime or prosecuted as a hate crime.

Plus, I almost think that if it had just been an assault, they might have gone for it. It makes them really mad that you're calling it a hate crime because they think you're getting special privileges.

The fact that it was prosecuted as a hate crime and an assault, was that a decision you were involved in? Did people try to convince you to prosecute just as an assault?

Yeah.

Did they tell you that it would be easier to get a conviction if you just went for the assault?

No. I didn't have a lawyer. They didn't explain shit to me. After the grand jury decision I went to a lawyer about a civil suit and she said I didn't have a case. This guy is totally organized crime

sta James

Bleyle

Jodi

by megan mallett

Conversation with Julie

What with playing bass for one of Canada's best bands (Eric's Trip, who have just released their third full length, Purple Blue, on Sub Pop), being married, having a thirteen-month-old baby, having her own side project (Broken Girl), running a record label (Sappy Records), and taking a photography class, one would think that Julie had no spare time. Not true. She took time out between engagements to call me so she could fill me in on her busy life.

So what is the weather like out there? Well, it was snowing a little while ago, but I think it's stopped. We've been having really weird weather where one weekend it will all melt and it'll be completely dry and then two weeks later we'll get another dump. It was really warm here for a week; it was above zero and everything had melted and it was warm. I went for walks with the baby. It was really nice.

How is Ben doing? How old is he now? He turned thirteen months on the 24th [of January]. He's doing really well. He's not a real confident walker yet; he stands up in the middle of the room and kinda takes like four or five steps. He's really starting to go at it. For about two or three months now he's been walking under the table, holding onto the chairs, but he hasn't really ventured off with out holding onto anything until about the last month. He'll walk back and forth to us, but he won't do it on demand. It has to be when he wants to. If you try and stand him up, he'll just sit back down.

So, what is going on with Eric's Trip? I've heard rumours that you guys are thinking of going your separate ways. We didn't know what was going on with Eric's Trip until last week. We just put out this album and we're going on tour in the spring, so we'll see what happens after that. Where will you be touring to? We'd like to go along the east coast of the United States, but I'm not sure yet.

Last time I spoke with you, you mentioned something about an Eric's Trip-Lou Barlow project... Lou's really, really busy right now. He tours so much, and the Folk Implosion have that big hit right now. When Chris talked to him last time, he said he still remembers, but he has so many projects going on... So I don't know if that will ever happen. It was a nice idea, though.

The last time I saw you play was at that Another Roadside Attraction, where you guys toured in that big tour bus. Would you ever tour that way again? I don't think there's going to be an opportunity to do that again, which is why we did it in the first place. It was fun. It was different from the tour we did in the fall, which was just us and our sound man. We'd just hop in the van and drive to a different place, and we were in charge of getting paid and everything. It's like two different extremes. [On the last tour] we were also in charge of selling our own merchandise, and at one of the shows in Toronto, on all-ages show, I sold merchandise until about five or ten minutes before we went on stage. It was non-stop, and I had to sign practically everything I sold, so I was pretty tired and dizzy when I got on stage.

Did you ever imagine that one day you'd be signing things that people bought? No, no, no. I never imagined anything like that. And it still freaks me out. I think 'Why? Why do you want me to sign this?' So your side project, Broken Girl, seems to be doing really well. Yeah, I guess. We get letters and people buy the 7-inches, and now I have a full length coming out in February [to be co-released by Sub Pop].

How is Sappy [Records] doing? Is it you and Jon [Julie's husband] running it?

Yeah, Jon and I run it, and we hired Ron from Orange Glass. He comes and works on Saturdays from noon to four. He helps us answer mail and package records and stuff. We still get mail and orders, and I guess now that we're going to be putting out a whole bunch of new stuff, hopefully all the people who have everything else will order this stuff. We're still not making a whole lot of money, and we still have to use a lot of our own money for releases, but it's doing okay, I guess. Stuff gets around; the computers are really helping us. People heard about us a lot from the Internet. We haven't actually posted anything anywhere, so it's strange how we keep getting mail and we don't advertise anywhere.

What is coming up on Sappy's release schedule?

There's a new Orange Glass 7-inch coming out and that should be out next week for sure.

Who exactly is in Orange Glass? I keep hearing different reports...

Originally, Orange Glass was just Ron Bates, but now he has a band. It's Tara, Rick's wife, on bass, and Chris Flannigan on drums. It's just him on that first 7-inch and on the new one it'll be the whole band.

What else do you have planned for Sappy?

For the near future: an Inbreds 7-inch,

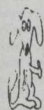
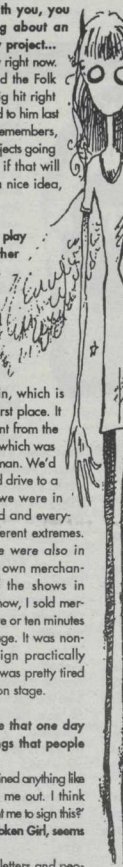
as long as they can find the time to record it - last time I talked to them was, like, three weeks ago, and they were still planning on recording it, but when I called today they were on tour; probably a new Elevator to Hell 7-inch - I was just talking to Rick today and he mentioned that he still wants to, so he's going to start recording it - oh, and the wooden stars and The Mommyheads, they're going to be doing a split with us. I really want to start putting out music that's not so Eric's Trip-related. We put out a 7-inch by Mike [Snailhouse] in October and that's one of our favourite 7-inches up until now. We started Sappy to put out music by people like him - [music] we didn't think anybody would ever get the chance to hear. But we decided to first put out a few things that people maybe would have heard of, and that we wanted to put out anyway, like Stereo Mountain. We're also supposed to have a 7-inch coming out from a band from Sweden called Lousy, but we don't know what's going on with that now. They sent us a tape and we really liked it, so we wrote them right back and asked them if we could put a tape out on Sappy. They got excited and they sent us a DAT, but when I listened to it at Rick's house it was full of glitches. We e-mailed them from a computer at Jon's dad's work the next day, but we didn't hear back from them. And we just wrote them a real letter last week, so now we'll just wait, I guess.

Where did you record Purple Blue?

The first four songs were all done at our homes, except mine was done at Rick's. The rest of the album was recorded at a studio in Moncton. I think it had 24 tracks, but I don't think we used more than eight. I'm not sure though.

Are you happy with the album?

Yeah, I am. Sometimes I have mixed feelings about it; like, sometimes I think it's a little too rock and other times I really like it. It all depends on what kind of mood I'm in.



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between the lines

by andrea & amber dawn

SINCE WE BEGAN THIS COLUMN ANDREA and I have been waiting to receive a complaint about the higher percentage of wimmin-written zines we review in comparison to those written by men. Finally last month we got one. Almost needless to say it was from a male sender, who not only condemned our column but also wrote that feminism deprives men of their opinions and beliefs: "It's no surprise a word like feminazi comes into play." Why is a woman who works to overcome oppression interpreted as being an angry "feminazi" or a "manhater"?

Perhaps our diffracto song "Not a Pretty Girl" says it best: "Everytime I say something they find hard to hear/they chalk it up to my anger/never to their own fear." Change is frightening; it provokes uncertainty, anger and, unfortunately, sometimes hate. Both men and wimmin have been conditioned to view a woman's role as to love and be provided for by their fathers, boyfriends, and husbands. Liberation from this role can be difficult, but it is definitely necessary. And it doesn't have to involve hate - isn't that one of the things we are trying to overcome?

bell hooks once said in an interview in *Mis* magazine that she prefers the term feminist movement rather than wimmin's movement because true departure from sexism involves men too. And I read in *Our Bodies Our Selves*: "...some women came to equate feminism with hating men...Frustration and anger don't mean we want to end relationships [with men] instead they make us determined to change them." There is a revolution taking place and that

revolution is not about hate or intimidation or doing to the oppressor what's been done to the oppressed. It is about departure from the roles of superiority and inferiority and it requires us all to think about how we can abolish those roles.

So, in response to the letter sent to Andrea and I: I made me remember the time I was approached by a strange man saying, "Hey baby, show me that pretty smile." I didn't want to smile, especially for someone calling me baby. So he replied, "Well, fuck you then." I think every girl has had a similar experience. The writer, like that strange man, has left me and all wimmin he has declared feminazi in a loss/lose situation. We can either be silent to oppression or be called a manhater. Smile pretty or be cursed at. To the writer: Why don't you take ownership of your discomfort with feminism and work it out within yourself instead of blaming wimmin for your insecurities. Happy International Women's Day.

Esteria

(8.5 X 7; 65 pgs)

Just when I thought I had discovered all the wonderful wimmin zine writers in this city Andrea pulls *Esteria* out of her zine box. As I flipped through the many fabulously layed out pages I asked myself, "Why have we not reviewed this zine before?" It became clear to me after I began reading that *Esteria* was saving itself for March, the month of International Women's Day.

This zine puts together beautifully informative articles, short stories, comics and poetry, all done by wimmin. The author has reprinted articles on

performance artist Karen Finkay, an excerpt from Sally Clines' *Women, Calibany and Passion*, and writing by local wimmin and zine writers. *Esteria* also features humorous *Ad Busters*-style attacks on sexist media and such helpful information as suggested remedies for menstrual discomfort and phone numbers of local support groups. *Esteria* has done what I believe all zine authors want to accomplish: giving its readers the opportunity to become involved with what they write about. Take action - send a dollar to *Esteria*, 451 Hillcrest St, Vancouver, BC, V7B 2L7.

Hands Off #2

(5.5 X 4; 24 pgs)

On the very last page of *Hands Off* Heather Lynn writes: "This took you ten minutes to read, but it took me 16 years to write." It's apparent she has used this zine to release a lot of built up injury and frustration. Heather Lynn's writing style is poetic and she uses a lot of clever metaphors and imagery. There is so successful in sharing and connecting with her readers that I found myself able to picture her experiences clearly, as well as relating to her stories. She bravely puts herself at risk, telling a story about how she harassed a minority classmate to receive approval from her peers. What really affected me was her memories of staying in a psychiatric hospital as a child and the mistreatment she faced while there. If Heather Lynn thinks her readers will skim through her zine in ten minutes she's terribly wrong. *HO 2* left me with something to think about long after I put it down. Write Heather Lynn: PO Box 724 Lake Zurich, IL, 60004/0724, USA.

spinsterwith #4/Allen #8

(half size; 82 pgs)

If you are looking for a good read then Jenni and Wilknee's #2 page zine is for you. Jenni and Wilknee cover a lot of ground, dealing with topics as diverse as the emotional scarred that goes along with breast reduction surgery to mental illness.

Wilknee's writings are centered around mental illness/health and, more specifically, around being manic depressive and all that goes along with it, from the panic attacks to the feelings of hopelessness. She challenges her experiences with the medical profession and how their hasty and uninformed treatment led to her misdiagnosis. I personally find the necessity to treat depression-related illnesses with drugs and medication extremely disturbing. Apparently so do Wilknee and Jenni as they treat themselves through alternative medicines such as herbs and through a healthy vegan diet.

"It isn't the duty of the oppressed to educate the oppressor" Jenni responds to the males who are doubtful of her rape because it didn't fit into their own definition of rape. It is interesting that it was males who criticized her actions and basically blamed her for being violated. Like it's her responsibility to explain her actions to them. Jenni talks about how silence tends to win when people choose to not believe in you and dismiss your pain.

This zine is an amazing read and I totally urge you to support these girls and order this zine. Send \$2 US to Jenni, 612 Prentiss #B5, Detroit, MI, 48201, USA.

We're Not Being Emo, It Really Hurts

(5.5 X 4; 44 pgs)

"It's damn as Kinkos and I'm trying hard to make this mean something." I, too, have attempted to complete an entire zine in one night, so believe me when I say it's no easy task...

Nomy, Val, Chris and Kayan began at 4am and by 10 that morning a zine with definite meaning and insight was created. This two-part, two-boy-fueled zine focuses a lot on forming community and allies. Chris recalls his childhood health problems with asthma and how his Christian Science believing parents left him solely in the hands of God to heal, leaving him feeling very deceived and abandoned by his family. He praises his new family (of friends) and the support and encouragement to heal he has found through them.

Class and classism are the issues brought up by Val. She is discontented with her 'duty' as someone who is working class to teach others about classism. Val asks her readers to start thinking for themselves about overcoming class oppression.

Kayan's writing adopts Val's ideas of analyzing our own oppressiveness without having to be told, except Kayan is talking about sexism. I really want to mention how truly impressed I am with Kayan's part in this zine. It is obvious he's being sincere and honest and not regurgitating a bunch of feminist slogans he overheard his girlfriends saying. He uncovers the fact that sexism hurts men too, especially their relationships with wimmin. Although Kayan mentions his uncertainty as to what action men need to take to advocate feminism he isn't afraid to try. He invites other men to discuss together the issues surrounding sexism.

Last but not least, Nomi examines the importance of community and having a strong network of allies; however, she realizes how difficult achieving this may be. Nomi makes a good point in saying that to be an ally to someone is to be willing to fight for change whether or not you are directly involved in the battle. For example, being a male supporter of the feminist movement or while people opposing racism. For the short amount of time *It Really Hurts* was finished it has given me a lot of inspiration and hope towards ending segregation and building a real community. Write Kayan: 1101 Winding WY Olympia, WA, USA 98501. Send US stamps and \$ and vivo to revolution!



Rock Candy #4/Spirals Upward

(quarter size; 64 pgs)

Maria is back with *Rock Candy #4*, talking about the effects of growing up as an only child and how this has affected her everyday interactions; more specifically, how she reacts to people in the punk rock scene. She also talks about how silence is a constant component in her life, from the silence she learned from her parents to the silence that prevented her from talking about her first experience of being sexually violated. Silence is a constant and Maria is realizing how it limits and damages. Maria is an inspiration to me because she is someone who is in a constant state of questioning and self-improvement.

The main focus of *Spirals Upward* is the questioning of gender roles, more specifically male gender roles. This is a first for me; I rarely see boys questioning their own internalized sexism and how damaging gender roles are, not only for women but for men, because they limit and do not allow much room for healing and emotion.

Maria and Basil then go on to have a discussion about relationships and talk about the different levels of a relationship and why they don't believe in monogamy. A lot of valid points are made and I wish that they could have printed the entire conversation. Maria and Basil are two who truly are involved in change and revolution. Send \$1 to Maria 717 Davis, Kalamazoo, MI, 49007, USA.

Reclaiming My Name #5

(7 pgs)

The author puts herself in a vulnerable state as she responds to her own previous zine about her sexual abuse and rape. She had told her story, removing the emotional ties, and she comes back in *RCM #5* to deal with how everything affected her.

"Have I reclaimed my name? Definitely not. The title is an oxymoron since I have less of an identity now. I should have titled the series *Reclaiming My Name*." The author definitely has released her name and all the baggage and hurt that has gone along with it. She talks about how important it is for her to find other girls who have been sexually abused. Communication is the most potent healer and the lack of it is what damaged her for so long. I find it vital for people to be able to share about their abuse, not only because it helps them heal, but because it helps other people with their own healing. It helps finding out that you are not alone in your silence. This zine and its predecessors are a must for people who are in need of finding others who have been sexually abused. Send \$1 to Sue the Word, Chicken, #406-1701 Powell St, Vancouver, BC.

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Aimee Mann

"I'm with Stupid"

Aimee Mann, who initially achieved pop star fame with "Til Tuesday", reinforces her status as an artist with a sharp, smart and edgy alternative on "I'm With Stupid". Includes "Choice In The Matter" and the Melrose Place featured hit "That's Just What You Are".



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Gren "Camp Grenada"

What is Gren you might ask? Hailing from Los Angeles, Gren was officially formed in the Spring of 1994 and have just released their debut album "Camp Grenada", a collection of stirring pop/punk songs, including the single "She Shines".



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Seeing as how the eighth of this month is the month of International Women, we'd like to take this opportunity to do two things: first, to complain about the lack of 7"s we see with female content - sure, there are lots out there, but out of every month's "shipment" of records we go through, probably an average of 20% are women-filled releases. Not a great figure. Bitching finished, the main point of this month's column is to celebrate what labels and bands are doing wonderful things with records these days. We've put together a table of labels (admittedly inconclusive, mostly due to space restraints) that are women-run and/or women-positive, and have tried to give as much info on them as possible. Please support them!

First, however, we'd like to tell you about a few new-ish 7" releases by cool women. Perhaps the most anticipated record that we now finally possess is the *Splinter* label offering. If their new single "Madding" b/w "10 Metre Platform" is an accurate sample of what their new album is like, then expect great things! The record comes encompassed in a very 4AD-like record cover, full of soft colours and blurry images, and the music is much more laid-back than anything from *Monica*, one of the best albums released in '94. The *o-side* contains the "single version" of "Madding," an absolutely mesmerizing song with slow, hypnotic drumming and the usual Rebecca Gates multi-layered vocals. "10 Metre Platform" contains just guitar and vocals and is along the same lines as the track that Gates contributed to the *Free to Fight* compilation; it's mellow, pored down, and extremely strong. Simply beautiful. (Sub Pop)

On the heels of their latest full-length, *Old Point*, Chicago's Thrill Jockey

Records sends us *Freakwater's* "South of Cincinnati" b/w "Count Me Out" 7". The *o-side* is indeed a cover of Dwight Yoakam's torchin' nod to the mid-west, with just a few lyric changes. "Count Me Out," a *Freakwater* original, is sung by bassist Dave

Gay - a weird, kinda warped folk-twang ditty. Kinda cheesy for *Freakwater*, but fun nonetheless. Buy this for the *a-side*. (Thrill Jockey Records, PO Box 476794, Chicago, IL 60647)

Finally, we'd like to tell you about *Sta-Prest* (as in *stay pressed*, we assume) and their new *Yespo Sex* 7" that comes complete with a "zine type booklet, full of drawings, lyrics and a band biography of sorts. We first heard this band on the Outpunk Dance Party compilation, where their surly little number stuck in our ears for, well, for awhile. And now, we have five more tunes to dance to! *Sta-Prest* is a collective of six folks, half

on vinyl. The new Boston label *Villa Villakula* has just released a 12" vinyl-only compilation called *Move Into the Villa Villa Kula*, which boasts a number of tracks by Katie formerly of *Adickid*, currently of *Team Dresch* doing a beautiful solo guitar thing. Seattle's spine-shivers *Tattle Tale* (who have apparently broken up, so buy up all their stuff!), *Sleater Kinney* (featuring members of *Heavens to Betsy* and *Excuse 17*), noise-pop weird-god *Azalia Snail*, New York's rock quartet *Ruby Falls*, and spoken word by *Eileen Miles*. This compilation is just a starting point for this label, who give thanks to *Tinotriest* from *Kill Rock Stars*. Cynthia Nelson of *Ruby Falls* writes in the jacket sleeve notes that she counters arrogance with her "bratgirl rebellion." *Villa Villakula* could also release a 7" each by *Ruby Falls* and *Sleater Kinney*, and probably have much more in the works. Write to them for their catalogue and for their listing of women-run labels.

Another extremely pro-active 7" label is Portland's *HorseKitty*, whose releases we've reviewed fairly recently, but we feel that there's no harm in reminding you just how cool they are. According to the label's Shannon, she had never done any recording "without some black rock guy producing [her] records or harassing [her] because he thought his opinion was the god opinion." Hence, she and her friend Toni decided to build a "recording studio/record label run by all women where bands could decide how their music should sound, be distributed, and be a part of it the whole way through so they can actually learn things they're interested in instead of everything being some 'big dumb secret'." Right on! So far, the only two *HorseKitty* 7"s we're aware of are by *La Granuda* and by the *CeBe Barnes Band*, two great releases of feminist punk.

One last suggestion: if you're looking for that special something for that special girl, think about writing to *Munster Records* (PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, Spain) for copies of *Volumes 1 & 2 of All Kindsa Girls*, two double 7" compilations with groovy packaging and music by great gals. Tracks by cub, *Lemonbabies*, *Pink Kross*, the *Gloa Girls*, and more! ... And, that's about it, folks! We didn't have room to list every indie label that has released 7"s with women on them; we decided we'd rather concentrate on labels that have consistently released a majority or adequate percentage of women.



of which are women, and range in character from pollyshoe fetishist to aspiegan heritage. They're not *also*, they're not mad; they're kinda noisy, punky, funny, strange... check 'em out. (Outpunk Records, contact the band at *oPrest@aol.com* or PO Box 421912, San Francisco, CA, 94142-1912)

Now, we'd just like to give a nod to some record labels that are doing more than fantastic things in regards to promoting women in music, especially

m&m's perfunctory 7" guide to all kindsa girls in indie labels and bands

Label	kill rock stars	K	Harriet	Simple Machines	No Life	Slumberland	Candyfloss	Candy Ass	Imp	HorseKitty	Teen Beat	Villa Villakula	Derivative
women-run/positive?	both	both	both	both	positive	positive & ?	positive & ?	both	positive & ?	both	positive	both	both
band best known for	bikini kill	beat happening	crayon	tsunami	bunnygrunt	hard to say	no one yet	team dresch	spinanes	none yet	unrest	compilation	jale
some girl 7"s released	mary lou lord, the third sex, juliana luckeck, excene cervenka, heavens to betsy/bratmobile, cupid car club, frumpies, team dresch, phranc, pee chees, pussycat trash	postels, tiger trap, heavenly, mecca normal, heavens to betsy, honeybunch, gloworm, wandering lacy, belmondoo, courtney love (the band)	linda smith, mecca normal, scarlet drops, 6 cents and natalie, high risk group, lotus eaters, twig, pest, receptionists	liquorice, Working Holiday series, simple machines series, secret stars, scrawl	pest 5000, Apples (co-release with small-8), poundsign/postal split w/ small-8	go sailor, honeybunch, lilies, velocity girl/black lamboirine, swirlies, small factory	azalia snail, red chair fadeaway, postal, red dye #5, jenny moe	hazel, excuse seventeen, surf maggots, veronica	odickald, ovarion trolley, oswald live-o, mudwimmin	cebe barnes band, la granuda	grenadine, gamma rays, tuscodero, coah carroll, air miami	ruby falls, sleater kinney	blee, eric's trip, pest 5000
other info	politically outspoken/mostly Olympia area punk	known for great DIY-styled melodic loia pop	just celebrated 5 years of noise-pop	kristin & jenny published a "how to" of indie rock	also a record store in Los Angeles	the "British pop" label of America	best known for producing the <i>Free to Fight</i> compilation Cd/LP & tour	great attitude towards the music biz: see above	run by mark robinson of unrest	see above	run by members of pest 5000, mostly only 7" vinyl	run by members of pest 5000, mostly only 7" vinyl	run by members of pest 5000, mostly only 7" vinyl
address	120 NE Skote #418, Olympia, WA, 98501	PO Box 7154 Olympia, WA, 98507	PO Box 649 Cambridge, MA, 02238	PO Box 10290 Arlington, VA, 22210-1290	PO Box 461778, LA, CA, 90046	PO Box 14731 Berkeley, CA, 94712	130 Sutter 5th floor SF, CA, 94104	PO Box 42600 Portland, OR, 97242	PO Box 82480 Portland, OR, 97282	PO Box 14284 SE, Portland, OR, 97214	PO Box 50373 Washington, DC, 20091	230 A Tremont St #3, Boston, MA, 02116	PO Box 42031 Montreal, PQ H2W 2T3

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ABOUT A YEAR AGO A FRIEND OF MINE had a cunning plan to con a particular cultural agency - since dismantled - into funding a collection of east coast erotica; the contributors would include herself and all of her writer friends. At the time I nodded my head mildly. (You're right, the idea that eastern Canadians are particularly well versed in things erotic, or are especially adept at erotic literature is absurd. It's like saying Albertans are the most ignorant hicks in Canada. But such is the nature of funding proposals.) My friend writes pretty good erotica and I saw no reason why she wouldn't be able to find a dozen or so people to submit work for such a project. Then, as I nodded hypothetically, she asked me to contribute something. "Why not," she asked, "you write really physical stuff." "Well," I grimaced, "I do lonely and bitter better than horny." I took up the challenge, though, and proceeded to waste a couple of months of my life trying to render sex on paper. My problem was a common one. I spent far too much time dwelling on the sexual act itself - displacement of limbs, microscopic play-by-play on the action around various orifices, that sort of thing. Advice from veterans of earlier campaigns, that the best erotica has no sex in it at all, was to no avail. My efforts were a miserable failure. Worse, they were laughable.

Any scab will heal if you lick it enough, though. Besides, proven incompetence at something qualifies you to critique it. In this case 'it' is a collection

of erotica called *On a Bed of Rice* (Anchor, 1995). As its subtitle tells you, this is not only erotic, it is an "Asian-American erotic feast." My first response to the title was, frankly, rather cynical. Why is Asian-American erotica particularly worthy of being corralled into a single collection? Doesn't such a title suggest a cross marketing play, appealing to the voyeuristic rice queen mentality so common in North America? Isn't this just another manifestation of the sort of inward-looking cultural nationalism that flourishes in today's rightwing environment? In his forward to the collection, Russell Leong addresses some of these questions, while side-stepping others.

The justification for this type of collection, Leong writes, lies in the tension between the realities and perceptions of Asian-American sexuality. Traditional ideals of sexuality, as represented in texts like the *Kama Sutra*, are generally not reference points in the immigrant experience. Working class migrants, regardless of where they're from, are too busy trying to make a living to be concerned with things

erotic; historically, this was further complicated by various types of legal discrimination faced by Asian immigrants to North America. Thus Asian migrants have played the role of brown Protestants: hard-working heterosexuals who only have sex to make babies. This grim reality contrasts markedly with the Euro-North American perception of oriental sensuality: Asian women are especially desirable because they're so physically exotic and emotionally compliant; Asian men are inscrutable, not sensual, better at fighting than fucking - they

sex on his head.

"Oh fuck..." Loren is gasping, but with that accent it sounds like an RAF officer about to expire. Then he begins to babble, a throaty, singsongy guttural. At the top of his voice, as his hips pound into a desperate flurry between her legs... Anne suddenly realises what he's saying. Just as her own orgasm goes whirling away from her outraged clit, just as she feels it pinwheeling through her body, and her screams begin to drown out his entirely. Loren is coming... in Cantonese.

Though this book is not a manual for breeders, most of the sex in it is straight, and most of the writing safe, stylistically speaking. The work is appealing because of its content and the testimonial quality of many of the narratives. When the

writing is stylistically adventurous, as with Kimiko Hahn's neat collage "The Hemisphere: Kuchuk Hanen", the results are interesting, if academic-sounding.

The fact remains, though, that for a collection of erotica, there is damned little here that's actually arousing. We could debate this point. Erotica doesn't really require sex, but it ought to be more than philosophical musings upon sex. The editor of the anthology, Geraldine Kudaka, seems to prefer a broader definition - an excerpt from Jay Kogawa's *Obasan*, a Japanese school teacher reminisces dryly about an asexual dinner date with the thick-skulled father of one of her students. Her definition is so broad, in fact, that Kudaka seems more concerned with displaying Asian-American talent than with erotica per se.

By the time I got to the end of the collection I'd read enough entertaining (if not especially arousing or interesting) work to stop doubting its right to exist. But my basic problems with the idea of the work remain. On a *Bed of Rice* certainly is a response to inward-looking cultural nationalism - if not on the part of the Asian-American community, then of mainstream America. Will orientalist men read this anthology? Probably. But anyone thinking that there is something distinctly about Asian eroticism, something essentially sexier about Asian women (or sexual about Asian men), will be a bit miffed by this book. If anything, the collection reveals that Asian sexuality is precisely the same as everybody else's. Asian men have the same misogyny, or hyper-sensitivity, as white guys; Asian dykes have the same types of coming-out experiences as non-Asians; Asian stock brokers are as likely to be pompous footfetishists as Gordon Campbell is. In this sense On a *Bed of Rice* stands as a testimony to the sameness, the assimilability if you like, of Asians in North American culture. This is hardly shocking news. But for Reform Party types, sometimes you've got to draw pictures.



have even smaller dicks than white guys. The poems, stories, essays, excerpts of plays and novels in *On a Bed of Rice* are written against such perceptions.

If this sounds a trifle academic, then you're getting a good impression of the sort of material you'll find in this collection. This is not the stuff of Penthouse forum: it's highbrow erotica, as intent upon education as arousal. A quick tally of the seventy contributors reveals more university degrees than you'll find in the queue at a UI office, and the writing reflects this fact. The authors often linger upon the stereotypes their characters labour under as much as the labour (the sex) itself. This is not a problem, really, since the contemplation of sex doesn't necessarily make for very good writing.

His cock is a jutting tower of need, a ripened fruit sweet and nearly bursting in my hands... I lower my head to sip the sweet nectar that overflows from him, and he groans.

So did I.

The sex in this collection runs the gamut of conventionality - masturbation, incest, straight, queer, interracial, inter-generational, even a trace of sad. Highbrow erotica tends to be a bit on the earnest side for my tastes, but much of this material - like "Roses", another tale of woe from Evelyn Lou - is quite good. Still, it's a relief to see sex and race treated humourously on occasion, as in Wagner Wat Jim Au's "Afterimages of Leung Kar Fai", a story that turns the power dynamic of Euro-Asian

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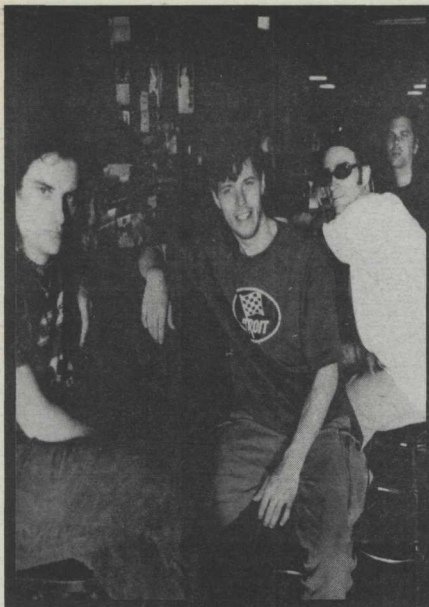
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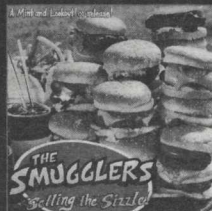


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an immediate liking to this disc. This Vancouver quartet have some great tunes and truly beautiful melodies. What really won me over, however, were the topics discussed in their songs. "The Turban Song" gives a Sikh man's view of the headwear controversy which has plagued Canadian legends during the last few years. Other songs are equally thought-provoking. However, the highlight of the album (for me, at least) is "Tut", the tale of a streetwise who elects to kill himself in space, rather than returning to the horrors of the earth. That sounds rather bleak, but it actually serves as a wake-up call to those of us who are still kicking around this here planet. After all of these social messages, it is somewhat ironic that the album closes with a cut entitled "I Don't Care". Yet, at the same time, this is a fitting album closer, for it sums up the central theme of *Art of Living* aptly.

Peter Stevens

MOONSOCKET

Darkwave
It's hard not to sound like Eric's Trip when you are in Eric's Trip, but Moonsocket is trying. This full length CD is the solo work of Chris Thompson, the guitarist of E.T. On the similar side are the breathy vocals, the good lyrics, and the song melodies. In contrast to E.T., Moonsocket revolves around an acoustic guitar, bringing out a quieter side. Also, Moonsocket uses such effects as untuned radios, background c/s, distorted echoes, and tape manipulation (to quote his bio).

This CD is comprised of 20 songs that include a Lou Barlow cover, "Bolder", and an Alan Parsons Project cover, "Eye In the Sky". While most songs are Chris and his guitar, there are occasional drums and back-up vocals, that gives each song its own identity. My favourite song is "Fuzzy Inside", a short song with an excellent guitar melody.

sh

BEN NEILL

Green Machine (Astrawerks)
The music here was originally created for a N.Y.C. multimedia installation for performance that I'm sure was horribly pretentious. Fortunately the music is not. What we have here is ambient/trance with a tinge of jazz created by the master of the mutant trumpet, an electrically enhanced instrument with multiple bells, valves and MIDI interfaces.

Generally speaking, some of the music veers dangerously close to generic, but what really pulls it off is Ben's musicianship. Carefully combining classic, minimalist, avant garde and Miles Davis-like jazz with the standards of ambient, Neill has created a musical work that can stand proudly with the best of the atmospheric genre.

Keith Gaurage

PRETTY MARY SUNSHINE

Bird Medicine (Bicochet Records)
Moody, warm and slow. Soft, whispery, at times haunting vocals: what singer Patricia Tullia is saying is not too clear but it sounds nice all the same. Music to listen to by yourself in a dark smoky subterranean bar when you're feeling a little bit sad. At its best when the loungey sound is complemented by punkish feedback - a nice contradiction and an uncommon mix. At their best, Pretty Mary will treat you to a couple of sudden fits of screaming. I

missed the absence of this on the record.

Krista James

SANDY DIRT

Sandy Dirt EP (K)
All you really need to know is that Sandy Dirt combines the talents of the three current Pastel cuties: Stephen, Agg, and Katrina, with noise-punker Al Larsen from Olympia's Some Velvet Sidevets. This five-song extended player, recorded in the Pastels' hometown of Glasgow, is a perfect mix of the lush-sounding side of them Pastels and the stranger, noisier Al from SVS. The lead-off track, "Klein International", is the upbeat, folk-pop hit of this CD, followed by a neat cover of Van Morrison's "Slim Slow Rider", sung by Al. The song-writing credits are generally split throughout this release; they all sing a bit, play a bit, and it sounds like they're having fun, in their own melancholic, mellow way. meek

SCORN

Gynrl (Eareache)
If I told you that the band born of Napalm Death released an album via Earache Records, you would know exactly what to expect, right? Wrong. This ain't no metal. Mick Harris' Scorn is some of the best electronic music to come out in years in my humble opinion, scout's honour.

Scorn is the only ambient music I've heard that scares me. Haunting, screaming sounds emit from behind slowed-up hip hop beats, and don't expect any vocals. Stick this in with the lights out and you'll feel plenty alone. I guess I'd call it nihilistic ambient music for the '90s; sort of mellow Will mixed with Psychic Warriors of Gaia and Perfume Tree. Most folks won't like it, of course, being so barren and even grating, but in case you can't tell, I'm all for it.

Gustav

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Mortal Combat Original Soundtrack (TVT Records)

This album is a mixture of hard techno, ambient and thrash. What most of the tracks have in common is that they have a very fast tempo. The one exception is a quite good track by the ambient/trance group Orbital. The tracks by Psychosonic and Traci Lords are decent techno songs but other techno songs such as the ones by Utah Saints and The Immortals aren't the greatest. They are a little too like dance songs to be good techno but they tend to be good dance songs. You'll hear somewhere in between.

As for the more alternative tracks, some resemble Nine Inch Nails in character but are a little weak. Others are merely a screaming voice dubbed in over a beat - not too appealing. In general, most of the thrash songs are average; nothing to get excited over.

Alastor Savage

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Our Salvation Is In Hand (Theme Park Records)

All the way from the UK, Theme Park presents this "acoustic-lined competition" album of 26 guys with guitars. Folks you may recognize, such as Franklin Bruno from Nothing Painted Blue, Matthew Hattle Hein from the New Bad Thing, John Davis from that Folk Implosion, Paste from Paste, and National Heroes all contribute great

songs. It seems like half of the contributors are from the American labels Shrimper and Union Pole, so if you like that sparse, bedroom-guitar sound, it's safe to say you'll probably like much of this album. The strongest cuts come courtesy of California's Mountain Goats (with 2 tracks) playing their usual brand of ultra-melodic and humorous warped folk, and Vancouver's Mark (from Good Horsey) with his sad, bitter, beautiful and too short "Stephen". My only complaint about *Our Salvation*, is that there are absolutely no female artists to be found on here. Half of the population is ignored, and... well, I'll leave my rant for another time and place. meek

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Seven" Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (TVT Records)

From one of the most well-made, if not disturbing, movies of last year comes an eclectic collection of tunes covering genres from jazz to industrial to classical to New Romanticism (Haircut 100! Nick Heyward!). "Seven" was probably not the best candidate for a soundtrack album, as the music was rather unobtrusive (unnoticeable!) during the film itself, but one can be mighty glad that they played ahead with the record anyway, as it really is a fine selection, incorporating, amongst others, J.S. Bach, Marvin Gaye, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Thelma Houston, and Gravity Kills. The two tracks of original score music by Howard Shore are menacingly violin-laden and creepy, just like the film. The songs dabble all over the palette of moods and tempos, providing a dynamic hour or so of listening.

The appeal of this album is in the diversity of music it offers, thus reducing to be held to the apparently common belief that a movie which contains characters of various ages and varying personalities can best be served by a soundtrack with music picked from just one genre.

Sophie Hamley

DAVE YOUNG

Two by Two (Piano-Bass Duets) (Justin Time Records)

Veteran jazz bassist Dave Young is one of those players who is more respected among musicians than the record-buying public. Two by Two probably won't change that. Jazz doesn't get its due respect in Canada. Check our sales figures.

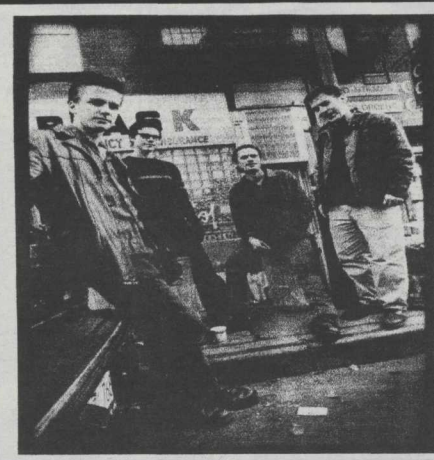
Since the '60s, Ontario native Young has been playing his trade by accompanying some of the finest musicians in jazz as well as leading his own group. Calling in a few favours for this session, Young added another gem to his discography. Young duets with Cedar Walton, Tommy Flanagan, John Hicks, Mulgrew Miller and Oscar Peterson. The solid combinations are marked with equally solid material on Two by Two.

Opening with "OP & D", Young and Peterson burn a controlled fire over Oscar's original. As with all the tracks, Young's fretwork is fluid, while the piano, clearly produced by Jim West, displays the technical excellence of Peterson.

Whether the bluesy stylings of Cedar Walton or the swing of Mulgrew Miller, Young plays the equal partner as he adds his wonderful thick strokes of acoustic bass on the pieces. Well-crafted jazz for those late winter nights.

Pieter Hofmann

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1	eric's trip	purple blue	sub pop
2	esquivel	cabaret ananas	r c a
3	the deadcans	low flying	saucer
4	the humpers	low forever or die trying	epitaph
5	butterfly	are you building a temple...	serge
6	the bomboras	seaside islands	dionysus
7	loop guru	duisys	waveform
8	moonsocket	moonsocket	derivative
9	the macrackins	in on the yolk	shredder
10	aliphos	unconsciousness	ve hits america
11	the notades	...rock kids	empty
12	front line assembly	hard wired	metropolis
13	the peachees	do the math	kill rock stars
14	air alant	me me me	4ad
15	richard h kirk	the number of magic	wax trax
16	texas is the reason	revelation	revelation
17	the pleasters	colodius	moonsocks
18	various artists	sonic unyon rock hits	sonic unyon
19	radioblaster	sugar shock	squirtgun
20	lunch and carvenka	rude hieroglyphics	ryko
21	the amps	the amps	4ad
22	sunny day real estate	sunny day real estate	sub pop
23	various artists	indie top 20	melody maker
24	sicko	chef boy r u dum	empty
25	download	funance	cleopatra
26	sf seals	truth walks in sleepy shadows	matador
27	supernova	ages 3 and up	amphetamine
28	bad religion	all ages	epitaph
29	the henchman	campus party	norton
30	tarnation	genie creatures	4ad
31	pork guem	strang	scratch
32	puncture	snipe or starve/snap	your neck
33	the halo benders	don't tell me now	x
34	black grape	it's great when you're...	radioactive
35	twerdoclab	chalk fairy	trackshun

1	bikini kill	i like fucking	kill rock stars
2	the von tippers	mighty red bern	roto-flex
3	forbidden dimension	no sleep til dawnson	roto-flex
4	the new grand	a dangerous affair	bubblegum
5	lunkheads	gone, gone a go go	1+2
6	ten days late	out of tune	klark
7	the newscarthals	twinkle toes	norton
8	seke	chive knives	scooch pooch
9	stata change	news down	daydream
10	wandering lucy	really truly	x
11	orange glass	wait a day	sappy
12	moctet	pearl drop	hip
13	supermax	uncle wigly	get hip
14	the go nuts	the donut prince...	planet pimp
15	alkidusa	shake	sure target
16	the oboe burnes band	she's a winner	horakitty
17	acrackins/cheeks	split	screaming apple
18	saugglers/hi-five	split	mint/lookout
19	milkmoney	pink	headhunter
20	meabo taxi/breed	split	echostatic
21	the kryet kings	somebody likes you	1+2
22	the mysteries of life	going through the motions	r c a
23	various artists	the greatest love of all dead	bun
24	the bomb bassets	please don't die	lookout
25	the dinks	go home	meathead
26	shinola	vodka	backporch revolution
27	skinner pilot	new sun	goodwin
28	go sailor	long distance	slumberland
29	well beance	its in the pillowcase	skin graft
30	the third sex	food me	kill rock stars
31	strain	remorse	bacteria sour
32	run on	miscalculation	matador
33	penny division	valentine's day	lookout
34	thinking fallers union	everyday	amarillo
35	karate/the luns	split	lonesom pinecone

1	vico	junior
2	touch and goe	ugly
3	more socks	blends with pens
4	new	nancy song
5	colossal nagenta	the first one
6	nine days wonder	sun
7	go	fuzzyhead pills
8	the sweaters	your way (or norway)
9	boom fly	headscape
10	1000 stamys	poster child
11	the music hitches	coupe
12	spacekid	molly ringwald
13	readymade	first base is sleeping
14	pipedream	saturday disaster
15	true love forever	reverb girl
16	gleam	rise
17	hunting humans	disorder
18	ak ncm	garden of eden
19	trapsacid	bbq with elvis
20	the mysteros	later
21	sturdie	untitled
22	trish kelly	follow your voice
23	yebber	three
24	sneaky	pde
25	gaze	i wanna get punched
26	neardark the sanitary elephant	supercar
27	universal lounge act	speed
28	johanny millenium	170 ways
29	irving klaw trio	karen is in rome
30	destroyer	onomatopoeia subpoena
31	g4	jagermeister is my god
32	black eye buddha	dinosaur
33	helen gone	not afraid
34	freelander	bonnie maiden
35	the bus	

canadian #1's state of tunes

1	moonsocket	derivative
2	dead voices	on air
3	eric's trip	purple blue
4	radioblaster	sugar shock
5	tracktape parad	audience with the pope
6	the readymade	first base is sleeping
7	punchbuggy	dressed for success
8	speedbuggy&radioblaster	new grand&thee sudden
9	the saugglers	selling the sizzle
10	chickpea	trackbirds/diggerdog

HOT! WORLD BEAT TOP 10

1	la banda gorda	candela pura	mp
2	salif keita	folon...the past	island
3	patato, changuito y orestes	ritiro y candela	redwood
4	los hermanos rosario	la dama del swing	karen
5	king sunny ade	e dide get up	nessa
6	mickey taveras	quiereas	mp
7	yellowman	around the world	ras
8	mickey spice	strictly the best 16	vp
9	gipey kings	estrellas	sony
10	gemini	scatman	caiman

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2	s
3	d
4	f
5	h
6	t
7	b
8	r
9	e
10	a

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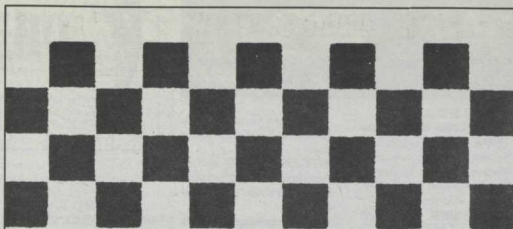
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MON: CITR 101.9PM PRESENTS WORLD VIBES W/EL DOCTO DEL RITMO (WORLD BEAT) AT THE PIT PUB...Zoo Baogoolo w/ djs Spunk-N-Czech (jazz, funk, reggae, hip-hop) at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs [israeli] at Automotiv...80's Dance Night w/djs Brian St. Clair, @ Graceland...Reading Music & more at the Grind Gallery (every Monday at 8pm)...

TUES: CITR 101.9PM PRESENTS INFUSIA W/DJS GANDORF & CO (JAZZ, SOUL, HIP HOP & FUNK) AT THE PIT PUB...Winter Mountain w/djs James Brown at Graceland...The Magic of Disco at Richards' On Richards...Aqua w/djs lais and Marc (ambient) at Bongo Yuletown...Bogie Ave w/djs Magpie 70's old school at the Heritage House Hotel (453 Abbott)...Disco Night at the Commodore...The Greasy Spoon w/Slick of the Hungry Eye...Klassik Night w/djs David Howkes at Yr Hair...New Wave/Retro 80's Night w/djs Atomic at the Twilight Zone...Aural Fixation at DVB (poetry-signup 7:30, show at 8:00)...The Tongue of the Slip at the Glass Slipper (scheduled readers and open mic open mikes 9pm on the third Tuesday of the month)...Live jazz w/djs Brian James of the Purple Onion...

WED: Velvet w/djs T-Bone, Dickey Doo and special guests (deep house) at the Underground...Reggae Night at Graceland w/djs Slick...Ginger Snaps w/djs Mike & Sama and live electronic guests at Richards...Mo! Funk w/djs Soul Kid & Seven hip-hop and jazz & funk at Richards' On Richards...Gin & Sin lounge at Niagara...Punk Rock Wednesday w/djs twiggy at the Twilight Zone...Nitro (industrial progressive indie) w/djs Czech at Luvafair...Max Murphy Collective at Raffels...Open Mouth (open mic) w/lead Carolyn Mark at the Malcolm Lowry Room (9pm-coll ahead to record)...El Famoso (raregroove, funk, hip-hop, jazz, reggae) at the Red Lounge...

THUR: Sal w/djs Markem and guests (progressive, trance, tribal, hard house) at Graceland...The Bottle w/djs Clarence and David Love Jones (soul, jazz & rare groove) at the Piccadilly Pub...n Funk in the Basement w/djs Marc and guests at the Soul 'n' [israeli]...Nocturnal Injection Revelation w/djs Wonderbread at the Twilight Zone...Cafe House w/djs Mick Shea (house) at Celebrities...Blowfish (soul, jazz, r&b, latin, worldbeat) w/djs Al Testo and Thomas at the Red Lounge...Step Hard w/Andy B (Andy B at 898 Richards (2-4)...Strictly Business with djs Luke, Andy B, and Wunderwits of the Hungry Eye...

FRI: Sugar w/weekly rotating djs at Graceland...Lowdown w/djs Lovely Linn and Dick at the St. Regis [israeli]...Explorations in Outer Space (ambient) at Melriches Coffee House (1244 Duane)...Planetary Sound w/James Brown and guests at the World (1-5)...Homo Homer w/djs Jules (house & disco) at the Odyssey...Malebox w/djs Mick Shea (house) at Celebrities...Blitzkrieg (tribal, industrial, goth) at the Twilight Zone...Low Down (funk, jazz, hip-hop) at the St. Regis Basement Lounge...Loungeing w/djs [israeli] (house, jazz, funk) at the Red Lounge...Groove w/djs Marc and Todd Keller, 154 W Hastings at 1am...

SAT: Noah's Arc w/djs Noah at the World (1-5)...Yo Mama w/djs KiloCats & Jwing (hip-hop) at the Twilight Zone...Bad Boys Night Out w/djs Jules (house) at the Odyssey...Dick Storm & Dickey Doo (house) at Celebrities...Loungeing w/djs Soul Kid (jazz, groovy) at the Red Lounge...

SUN: Uranus Invades Mars w/djs Dickey Doo and Quest at Mars...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils (every other Sun)...djs Jules (house & disco) at the Odyssey...Soul Night w/djs [israeli] at the Twilight Zone...Movie Night at the Railway Club...Pressing Poetry at the Press Club (7:30)...Upside Down w/Doctor Killdare at 1250 Richards Pump 12am...

IRREGULAR EVENTS

MARCH

FRI 1 CITR 101.9PM PRESENTS SPEEDBUGY, THE READYMADE, C.OAL, MARK AND THE TONERUSTERS at the ANZA Club at 8PM...Econoline Crush w/ special guests at the Town Pump...101 w/ Sister Lou and Jackie Chan at the Starfish Room...Minority w/ guests at the Niagara...Crave w/ the technicians at the Gastown Music Hall...Showbusiness Giants at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Saint Someone, Gallie and Deadline at the Hungry Eye...Stinkdusters w/ the Hallianders at the Piccadilly Pub...Lee Rocker w/ the Deadcats at the Commodore...Laicha Drom and Baroka at the Ridge...Eldorado and Lala Noche at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 2 Zolty Crook w/ Spiritual Machine and Wretched Eryl at the Hungry Eye...Comedian Cray at the Town Pump...Eaton Knot, Bad Culture and Cowboy Taken at the Starfish Room...Snak w/ the Mallectics at the Niagara...The Daisy Chain w/ guests at the Piccadilly Pub...Swank and Violet at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Clambake w/ Peel at the Gastown Music Hall...Laicha Drom and Baroka at the Ridge...Le Jardin Oublié and Le Confessional at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 3 Zine Crade 1 & at the Gallery 110W Hastings for info call Jim at 685-0590...Laicha Drom and Baroka at the Ridge...La Folie des Indes, L'Oreille d'un Sour and Kamourouka at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 4 Goldeneye and Goldfinger at the Ridge...L'Enfant d'Eau and Champagne Safari at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 5 Jesus Pieces and Cola w/ 9 Days Wonder at the Hungry Eye...Showbusiness Giants at the Railway Club...Goldeneye and Goldfinger at the Ridge...La Fabrication d'un Meurtier and Zigzag at the Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 6 The Dole with Low Downs and Superlative at the Hungry Eye...Showbusiness Giants at the Mighty Niagara...Supergrass w/ Superlative at the Gastown Music Hall...Steve Mitchell at the South Hill Candy Shop...The Usual Suspects and Get Shorty at the Ridge...Stolen Children at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 7 Atonal White Male and Lucky Me at the Pit Pub...Velour, the Mean Reds and the Unitals at the Starfish Room...Draw Baines w/ Cow Jazz at the Gastown Music Hall...Craig Jacks at the South Hill Candy Shop...The Usual Suspects and Get Shorty at the Ridge...Sarah Turner programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 8 Alpha Togo Diallo at the Starfish Room...Minority w/ Drax's Eye and Peace Love Dog at the Hungry Eye...Hoyanaka w/ guests at the Vancouver Press Club...The Sugar Bashi and guests at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Gin Blossoms w/ Dead Hot Workshop and Refreshments at the Commodore...A Few Roosters and Two Lane Black Top w/ Bloomdaisy at the Piccadilly Pub...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Werner Herzog programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 9 Ignis (circus live evening) at the Starfish Room...Texture w/ Bloomdaisy and Jumpy Doll at the Hungry Eye...The Smells, Dargy Abertons and Show-low at the Commodore...Piedpiper w/ guest at the Gastown Music Hall...Tippy a Go-Go and Lazy Bones at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Hazel Motes at the Indigo Cafe...Wrackin Ball Trio at the South Hill Candy Shop...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Balls from the Deep at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 10 Cypress Hill w/ the Five Fingers of Funk at the Commodore...Maria McKee w/ James Hall at the Town Pump...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Signs of Life and Fata Morgana at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 11 De La Soul at Richards...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Signs of Life and Fata Morgana at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 12 The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...WED 13 Feedback w/ 9 Volt at the Hungry Eye...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Dear Diary at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 14 Noah's Great Rainbow and Six Million Dollar Band at the Pit Pub...Craig Jacks at the South Hill Candy Shop...The White Balloon and Kicking & Screaming at the Ridge...Gueibacos Pictorial at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 15 CITR 101.9PM PRESENTS THE ITALS W/ALPHA DIALLO AND BAEING AT THE COMMODORE...Mad Pudding at the Starfish Room...Steel Thirsty at the Vancouver Press Club...Mo No Ma w/ Cathode Ray at the Gastown Music Hall...The Vainigrettes and Kinnie Starr at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Kristia Jeanne Sheffield at the South Hill Candy Shop...Restoration and Persuasion at the Ridge...The Enigma of Kasper House and Land of Silence and Darkness at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 16 Smokin' Frog, Hip Hop Macanix and Shrug at the Starfish Room...The Tonics and Meow at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Noah's Great Rainbow at the Vancouver Press Club...The Paperboys at the Commodore...Flash Bastard at the Hungry Eye...Hazel Motes at the Talking Stick...Sybil at the South Hill...The Enigma of Kasper House and Land of Silence and Darkness at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 17 Restoration and Persuasion at the Ridge...Strozek and Evan Dwyer Started Small at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 18 The Postman and A Pure Formality at the Ridge...Strozek and Evan Dwyer Started Small at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 19 The Wall Goode Quartet at the South Hill Candy Shop...The Postman and A Pure Formality at the Ridge...

WED 20 The Presidents of the United States of America at the Commodore...Slomp at the Vogue Theatre (until April 7)...Steve Mitchell at the South Hill Candy Shop...Manufacturing Consent at the Ridge...Ciao, Professor at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 21 Ian Cochran w/ Amanda Marshall at the Commodore...Copyright and Veal at the Pit Pub...Craig Jacks at the South Hill Candy Shop...Manufacturing Consent at the Ridge...The Guilty of Mercy at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 22 Heather Nova w/ guests at the Starfish Room...The Deadcats at the Malcolm Lowry Room...The Hounds of Binkerville at the Vancouver Press Club...Lucia Hille at the South Hill...Ian Cochran w/ Amanda Marshall at the Commodore...Lamerica at the Ridge...La Jelle and Slaughterhouse-Five at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 23 goze, Squeaky and Avron Hoffman at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Radiohead at the Ridge...Daytona at the Hungry Eye...Time Waits at the South Hill...Lamerica at the Ridge...La Jelle and Slaughterhouse-Five at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 24 Iron Maiden w/ Fear Factory at the Commodore...Cherry Poppin' Daddies at the Town Pump...Lamerica at the Ridge...Heart of Glass and Lessons of Darkness at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 25 Lamerica at the Ridge...Heart of Glass and Lessons of Darkness at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 26 CITR 101.9PM PRESENTS THE WEDDING PRESENT W/ BUTTERGLY AT THE TOWN PUMP...Jazz Cow at the South Hill Candy Shop...Lamerica at the Ridge...

WED 27 Tippy Agogo at the Glass Slipper...Lamerica at the Ridge...The Postman at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 28 Sparkmaster and Pebble at the Pit Pub...Craig Jacks at the South Hill Candy Shop...Lamerica at the Ridge...Canadian and European Animators programs at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 29 Texture w/ guests at the Vancouver Press Club...The Madcats and Plumvine at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Fear of Drinking at the South Hill Candy Shop...Le Confessional and Margaret's Museum at the Blue Sand Garden of Divan...The Garden of the Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 30 Cool w/ the Mac's III's at the Gastown Music Hall...The Deadcats w/ guests at the Vancouver Press Club...Copyright at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Evercraz w/ Hoghly at the Commodore...Le Confessional and Margaret's Museum at the Ridge...Burden of Dreams and Pilezdrato at the Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 31 Sino Jam '96 w/ d.b.s. & others at the Commodore...Le Confessional and Margaret's Museum at the Ridge...Nostalgia the Vampire and Woyzeck at the Pacific Cinematheque...

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)
Alma Sign Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)
Art Hotline
Bassist 217 W. Hastings (at Combe)
Baskatanga Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)
Cafe House 1367 Main (at Main) (Mount Pleasant)
Cape Theatre 9055 Granville (Granville Mall)
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burdard)
Cine de la Zone Theatre 995 (at Main)
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall)
Commodore Lounge 838 Granville (Granville Mall)
Cordoba Cafe 307 Cordova (Cordova & Main)
Cordova Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown)
Damen Place Cinema 1030 Darnley (West End)
DVI 515 Davie (downtown)
Edible Electric Gallery/Cafe 916 Commercial (at DVI)
Finch Art Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)
Gin & Sin 801 Main
Gracie Wood Theatre (Hastings)
Faded Wood Theatre (Hastings)
Fargo Pub 2889 East UBC (downtown)
Gin & Sin 801 Main
Glass Slipper 2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)
Greenlands 1250 Richards (downtown)
Hillside Place 4534 Yale E. (Chinatown)
The Grand Gallery 4124 Main St. Hastings
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E. Hastings (near PNE)
Hastings Theatre 224 W. Hastings (downtown)
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)
Jack-Joe Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Jazz Cafe 23 W. Cordova (South End)
Jenico Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)
La Querida 1111 Commercial (the Drive)
Le Jardin Oublié 455 Abbott (Gastown)
Lucky's 3934 Main
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)
The Luv-A-Fair 4125 E. Hastings (N. Burnaby)
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown)
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)
McKee's 2400 Main (at Main)
Nagoya Hall Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown)
Nagoya Imports 534 Seymour (downtown)
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown)
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)
Paradise 27 Church (New West)
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Pier Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)
Piedpiper Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Piedpiper 317 W. Hastings (downtown)
Plein Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)
Rafael Louisa 1221 Granville (downtown)
The Ridge 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)
Riviera Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
Richards On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 10th Ave)
Ringer Room 637 Commercial (at Main)
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)
Scream Records 317A Cambie (Gastown)
Seaside Cinema 4198 E. Hastings (at Main)
Starfish Room 1055 Howe (downtown)
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)
Stanton Small Art Centre 900 Stollan (at Main)
St. Regis Hotel 502 Dunsmuir (downtown)
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)
Theatre 606 56 Water Street (Gastown)
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown)
True House Lounge 602 Dunsmuir St. (downtown)
The Warehouse 4 Anderson (Gastown)
UBC CINEMA located in the SUBJ
UBC Grand Centre 404 UBC (at Main)
The Underground 1002 Granville (downtown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1855 Venables (at Victoria)
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Commercial (S. Granville)
Vanity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)
Veal 2412 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vineyard 1001 Main (at Main)
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville I.)
West End 1887 Adams (the Drive)
Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)
Zoo Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

SUBMISSIONS FOR DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, ALL YOU NEED IS INFO WHO, WHERE, WHEN TO GET 9264, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK" DEADLINE FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE IS JANUARY 19!

VELVETS' CHRISTIAN COMICS PART 3

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While **RUST** is one of the best bands to arise out of the San Diego "scene", they don't fit neatly into any stylistic or musical niche: how many bands could share a stage with Stone Temple Pilots, The Meat Puppets, Tool, All, Failure, and Cop Shoot Cop?!!

Bar Chord Ritual bristles with punk-ish energy and just a trace of classic rock, but the emphasis is always on melody. Dave Jerden's (Jane's Addiction, Alice In Chains) ace production has given **RUST** a cleaner, more streamlined sound that highlights the hooks without sacrificing any of their energy and aggression.

Listen for yourself -- play it loud but don't forget your earplugs!!!!

RUST / Bar Chord Ritual

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RUST



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Archers of Loaf

"Speed Of Cattle" CD/double-LP



Yup, a herd of hits. **The Archers'** have rounded up all their slack ass singles into a superb release, tightly packed with pop-fuzz through and through. Yahoo!

14th CD 12th double-LP

Blumfeld

"L'Etat Et Moi" CD/LP



Artistic production is attached to social/political context (and history) like roots in a fertile ground, adding character, inflection and a sense of reason and direction.

As such, German band **Blumfeld** approach songwriting with a thoughtful and serious intentionality involving a **Sonic Youth**-like concern for sound and structure with a consciousness that is as politicized as it is ironic (less common with their North American contemporaries). **L'Etat Et Moi** is an accomplished pop/rock record and a strong debut (in any language).

16th CD 12th LP

Butterglory

"Are You Building A Temple In Heaven?" CD/LP/Cass



Butterglory have progressed from quiet "lo-fi"ers to a rounded, competent pop rock band, following a creative trajectory (**The Velvet Under-**

ground, **Jonathan Richman, Dream Syndicate, The Feelies**) that modernizes itself with continual vitality (**The K Records** empire). With rock history reverberating behind them, **Butterglory** rightfully occupy a point in this continuum, building — through the quality of their songwriting — a temple (humbly) in their own honour — one that is ours to enjoy.

14th CD 12th LP 10th Cassette

Pansy Division

"Wish I'd Taken Pictures" CD/LP



In a world where Silence = Death, **Pansy Division** ring the bells... pure punk-pop style, that is! And Mint / Lookout Records bring it to you — fourteen songs for a

positive identity. Come get it!

12th CD 9th LP

FLY YOUR FLAG OF CHOICE...

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WITH THE LATEST ROCK 'N' ROLL RELEASES! AT ZULU!



Various Artists

"Survival Of The Fattest" CD/LP/Cass

Fifteen artists, seventeen songs. In the spirit of **Let Them Eat Jellybeans**, punk rock is making waves, and here's who's doing it. Features **NOFX, Lagwagon, Snuff** and more! It's a bargain!

5th CD 5th LP 5th Cassette

The Grifters

"Ain't My Lookout" CD/LP



A band from Memphis, on album with soul. **The Grifters** cook up a blurry, strange, enticingly evocative sound that respects their southern roots yet thrusts boldly into the realm

of sonic exploration. Their debut long-player for SUB POP, **Ain't My Lookout** is definitely worth a-checking out.

16th CD 10th LP

Nick Cave with PJ Harvey

"Henry Lee" CD-LP

A broodingly poignant pairing that had to happen. One of the best tracks on **Nick Cave's** new **Murder Ballads** album, the glum **Mr. Cave** and the brash **Ms. Harvey** team up for a moving, subtle duet that brings out the best in each.

9th CD-EP

Rachel's

"Music For Egon Schiele" CD/LP



Intended to accompany a performance work about the poignant and largely unknown life and work of artist **Egon Schiele**, the stylistically flexible **Rachel's** (a trio of piano, viola and cello for this recording) have produced an expressive, "biographic" musical background to the events and characters of **Egon's** short life, using music to articulate the aesthetic contours of experience when words of description become limiting.

14th CD 12th LP

Gas Huffer

"The Inhuman Ordeal Of Special Agent Gas Huffer" CD/LP

Go go gadget **Gas Huffer!** Specializing in hard boiled garage rock, Seattle's **Gas Huffer** crack another big case with their latest full-length LP. Nice work, men!

14th CD 10th LP

The Flaming Lips

"This Here Giraffe" CD-LP

Like a trip to the zoo, this here disc is full of strange and beautiful sounds. It's fun, kinda makes you feel like a kid again. More stereo magic from **The 'Lips** off their latest long-player **Clouds Taste Metallic**.

9th CD-EP

The Cocktails

"The Cocktails" CD



A pleasant accompaniment for when it's time to throw in the towel. Let's follow the lead of these multi-instrumentalists with their last self-titled release. Closure never sounded so good.

16th CD

Combustible Edison

"Schizophonic" CD

1996: The Year That Cocktail Broke. What a long, strange trip it's been. Anyway, today's true lounge lizards, **Combustible Edison** practise mighty fine cocktail etiquette, and with their second full-length **Schizophonic** approach ambrosia delight.

16th CD

The Smugglers

"Selling The Sizzle!" CD/LP



'Tis the season of the backyard barbecue... well, almost, but here's a real teaser: **The Smugglers** have released their new lip-smackin' full-length feature — **Selling The Sizzle!**

Fifteen patty-stakin' hits worthy of any skookum burger!

12th CD 9th LP

Sale prices in effect until March 31/96.

Other New Favourites!

- The Bluetones Expecting To Fly CD/LP
- Oasis Don't Look Back In Anger CD-EP/7-inch
- Bjork Hyperballad Parts 1 + 2 CD-EPs
- Bedhead The Dark Ages CD-EP/10-inch
- Denim Denim On Ice CD/LP
- Various Artists Not So Pretty (Tribute To The Pretty Things) CD/LP
- Wayne Kramer Dangerous Madness CD/LP/Cassette
- Kevin Kane Neighbourhood Watch CD (available mid-March)
- Low Read Set The Twilight Reeling CD/Cassette
- Afghan Whigs Honkey's Ladder CD-EP/10-inch
- Bonco De Gaia Kinkajou CD-EP/12-inch
- Branica Hissing Prigs In Static Cynure CD/LP
- Don Fleming Because Tomorrow CD
- Various Artists Mondo Exotic CD
- Various Artists Space Capades CD
- Various Artists Rhapsoedia CD
- Various Artists Bachelors Den CD
- Ride Black Nite Crash CD-EP/12-inch
- Neutral Milk Hotel On Avery Island CD/LP
- Sonora Pine Sonora Pine CD/LP